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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

The Lost Tools of Learning

DOROTHY L. SAYERS

De Gaulle the Difficult

AN EDITORIAL

Uneasy Compromise

FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN

Articles and Reviews by · · · · · L. BRENT BOZELL
WILLMOORE KENDALL · M. STANTON EVANS · FINIS FARR
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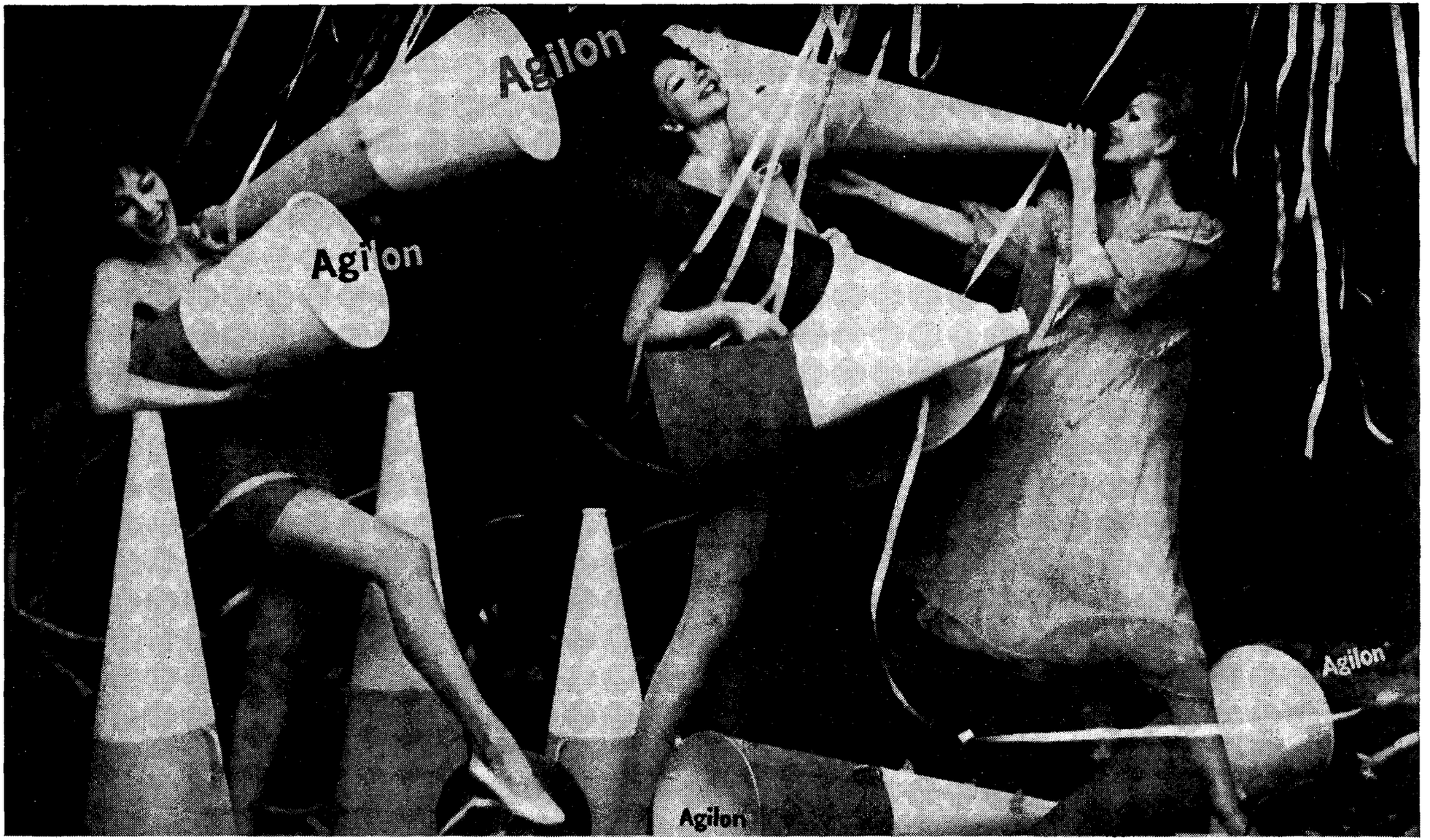

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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CONTENTS AUGUST 1, 1959 VOL. VII, NO. 16

THE WEEK 228

ARTICLES

The Lost Tools of Learning .....Dorothy L. Sayers 237

DEPARTMENTS

For the Record 227
National Trends .....L. Brent Bozell 235
The Third World War .....James Burnham 236
Letter from the Continent ...E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn 245
From Here to There .....John Chamberlain 246
To the Editor 253

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

Uneasy Compromise .....Frederick D. Wilhelmsen 247
Moscow Formula for Victory .....M. Stanton Evans 248
Random Notes .....F.S.M. 249
The Fourth ("As If") Republic ...Willmoore Kendall 250
Playing Possum .....Robert Phelps 251
Order in the Court! .....Finis Farr 252

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For the Record

Behind-the-scenes alarm over the lengthy Charles Percy committee report on the aims and program of the Republican Party. The report is Liberal through and through, say insiders. One tip-off that it will offend party regulars--although completed, it will not be published until after Congress adjourns. . . . Being eased out, Sandra Winne, executive secretary of the Young Republicans of New York State. Her crime? She went along with Nixon forces at the Denver convention. . . . Small mercies department: Senator Wayne Morse won't be a contender in the Oregon Presidential primary.

Chalk up a victory for Dr. Bela Fabian, who helped persuade Swedish conservatives to openly affront Khrushchev, resulting in the cancelled trip to Scandinavia. Dr. Fabian led the Hungarian Freedom Fighters picket line against Mikoyan in New York last year . . . . Was it coincidental that the Nixon visit to Moscow should be timed with the newly proclaimed "Captive Nations Week"? . . . Prediction of French Premier Michel Debre on the future of his government. The government faces eighteen months of increasing unpopularity, but if it survives that, France's economy will have been saved and de Gaulle have proved himself.

Indian visitors report the famine in Red China may be the worst ever. The floods were bad and Communist officials, say the visitors, have only the haziest notion how much food they have on hand. Lower echelon party cadres, fearing to report production failures, have inflated their production figures for months. . . . Yugoslav papers say Communist China is closing down thousands of industrial enterprises and transferring "millions" of workers to agriculture. . . . The Leftist government of Singapore has ordered the removal of all books and pamphlets donated to community centers by the U.S.

Political observers conclude that Senator Kennedy has intentionally set out to attract a bad Catholic press in order to impress Protestant groups with his status as an "independent" thinker. . . . Avery Brundage, President of the International Olympic Committee, has done a switch and now says he will support the recognition of the "Olympic Committee of the Republic of China."

Sign of the times? The U.S. financed Radio Liberation is changing its name to something less provocative, Radio Liberty.

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The WEEK

● Much whispering at the "Electrama" show in Paris recently over the French "Véronique" missile. What was that strange, ball-like object on the tip of the weapon? An atomic warhead? A model satellite? A new-style homing device? Not at all. It was placed there, French officials finally admitted, huffily, to prevent curious visitors from injuring themselves on the missile's sharp point. The French answer to Norman Cousins?

● CBS took Senator Hubert Humphrey off *Face the Nation* last week on the grounds that the week before he had thrown his hat into the Presidential ring, and therefore, as far as the FCC was concerned, was now a candidate for office, not a mere senator with newsworthy things to say. Humphrey must have been struck by this news as Dante was struck by the vision of hell, for what has life become, for Hubert Humphrey, without access to radio or TV, if not a living hell? The Senator loosed the loudest howl in recent political history, and even wrote out a statement, *"I am not a candidate for the Presidency of the U.S.,"* but CBS just smiled, and said, "Come on now, Senator, you are, and we know it." CBS, of course is trying to put pressure on Congress to put pressure on the FCC to change the rule having to do with giving equal time to all candidates, and hopes by this maneuver to have created that pressure. It may work the other way. In the deafening silence of the weeks to come, when hours, even days will go by without the voice of Senator Humphrey piercing their serenity . . . might not the people, having known peace, force Congress to force the FCC to go just the other way? Say, forbid the airwaves to *any* candidate?

● *Picket line note, 1959:* When strikers reported for duty in front of the big Consolidated Western Steel plant in Los Angeles on a blazing hot day last week, they found, all set up and waiting for them, a portable air-conditioned office, complete with electricity, running water and a large awning, compliments of the management (U.S. Steel). Wonder how *Pravda* will handle this?

● Over the past five and a half years President Walter Reuther of the United Automobile Workers has spent $10 million of his members' money on his guerrilla war against the Kohler Company for the high crime and misdemeanor of refusing to knuckle down to his demands. His victim has had the insolence to stay vigorously alive in spite of all Reuther's imported pickets and goons. This summer adds new insult to past injury: members of the AFL-CIO building trades unions, deaf to Brother Reuther's indignant squawks, are busily at work on a $3 million addition to Kohler's Milwaukee plant, which will handle increased orders for engines and electrical generating equipment.

● The story confirms our impression that Steelworkers' President David McDonald is a gent—to his fingertips. An NBC television reporter, machine running, asked him a question that he refused to answer. A lesser man would have had to choose between trusting the reporter not to use the objectionable film and—well, smashing the camera. Not Dave McDonald: he merely stood quietly by while two "aides"—not goons, aides—smashed it on the sidewalk, extracted the film and destroyed it. A gent.

● The Bohlen case is developing into a critical test of strength between the two factions now struggling for predominance in the post-Dulles State Department (see *NR*, July 18). The appeasement wing smelled victory on July 8, when Secretary Herter publicly expressed his "real admiration" for Ambassador Bohlen, and his hope to "induce him [to] give his talents to government," presumably in the proposed new post of top official on Soviet affairs. Then the Senate's two ranking Republicans, Senators Dirksen and Bridges, moved to quiet counterattack. Mr. Eisenhower seemed to waver. In his July 16 press conference, angrily rebuking a reporter who brought up the Bohlen question, the President implicitly repudiated his new Secretary of State by remarking: "[Mr. Herter] said as far as he is concerned he had done nothing about it, and didn't intend to. . . . In other words, his report to me was completely negative." Two days later, Mr. Eisenhower seesawed. Through James Hagerty he announced that he had sent a cable and personal letter to Mr. Bohlen to express his "personal confidence." It is doubtful that the President can delay his decision much longer. He will have to give the Knight of Yalta the new job, or ease him out via the usual resignation formula. That decision will quite possibly be the tipoff on the course of U. S. foreign policy during the final period of the Eisenhower Administration.

● There is a foolproof means to explode a nuclear bomb which could not be detected by any inspection system yet devised. According to scientist Francis B. Porzel, director of a series of eight Nevada atomic tests and senior scientific advisor at the Armour Research Foundation, not only can an undetected nuclear explosion be detonated within a few feet of an unknowing individual, but: 1) either graphite or

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simple ice and snow (abundantly available in Siberia, for instance) can be used in capsular form to encase and hide the explosion; 2) heat then generated can be stored for later use; 3) the Russians have probably already developed this system. Does Dr. Porzel's technique mean that mutual inspection systems to enforce a ban on nuclear tests are unfeasible? A bald Yes. "It would make as much sense," says the Doctor, "to have banned the airplane at the end of World War I . . . the problem is with people who will use the bombs."

● The Castro revolution in Cuba is not Communist in "any sense of the word" because 1) there are no Communists in positions of control, and 2) most Cubans don't regard it as Communist, and 3) Major Díaz, who says it *is* Communist, was sacked from his job for incompetence, and 4) Castro himself is "decidedly anti-Communist," and 5) what Communists there are in the regime are in "secondary positions" in "motion pictures, and culture" (which, by implication, don't matter much), and 6) Communists have aims and loyalties different from those of Castro, and 7) Castro isn't the man to share power with anyone, and 8) Castro's land reform is not the kind of reform the Communists had demanded—so says *Times*man Herbert Matthews after his first visit to the regime he helped to start in Cuba; proving once more that there is no offense against either reportorial accuracy or logic that Matthews is not willing to commit, in full public view, in behalf of any Leftist regime anywhere. He is, clearly, without shame.

● Dean Acheson has said it again: We should get tougher with the USSR; to believe what the Russians say is to "act like children." And we think it again: at NATIONAL REVIEW, as in Heaven, there is great joy over the sinner saved.

● The American Civil Liberties Union staggered back into court last week—one more attempt to rescue the frail American body politic from the clutches of the House Un-American Activities Committee. The occasion: two more test cases appealing the *Uphaus* and *Barenblatt* decisions which reaffirmed the right of Congress to investigate. The purpose: to un-reaffirm that right. Prognosis: negative.

● General Electric Company has just announced a big cut in the price of heavy electrical generating equipment. Westinghouse followed two days later. Neither mentioned the successful low bids, during the past two years, made by foreign firms on U. S. electric power installations. But no one will miss the causal connection between those bids and today's price reductions. *NR's* moral repeated: the answer—here given correctly by GE and Westinghouse—to foreign competition is not mollycoddling, inflation-nourishing protective tariffs but better products made cheaper through greater efficiency and superior techniques. GE and Westinghouse are not going to lose money selling generators at their new price schedule. And the rest of us, as consumers of electricity, are going to share a gain.

● J. Handly Wright, vice president of the Association of American Railroads, told an industry group in Savannah, Georgia, last week that union featherbedding has, in effect, stolen seven billion dollars from the rail carriers since World War II. Now, seven billion dollars is just about equal to the total outstanding common stock of the railroads, and about half their net capitalization. Since all the railroads taken together have averaged less than four hundred million dollars in dividends per year since the war, the unions have received more in featherbedded extras than the stockholders have managed to earn for taking truly hazardous risks. Talk about profit sharing, you name it and the railroad fireman, who is paid for not stoking the no-fires on the Diesels, has got it. And how!

● To Professor Eric Goldman, Princeton University
Dear Professor Goldman:
You write in your review of *Senator Joe McCarthy* by Richard Rovere that McCarthy's popularity was partly due to "the Irish Catholic's susceptibility to theories of conspiracy." Should one not reject the notion that the Irish believe in conspiracies just as one rejects the notion that the Jews participate in them? Eh, Goldman?

WILLIAM FRANCIS BUCKLEY JR.

● The Oz books have been chased from certain libraries (over-imaginative), joining in exile Huck Finn (racist) and Little Black Sambo (encourages a stereotype); and now William Shakespeare is in the line of fire. The poet came under severe attack at the annual National Commission on Teacher Education and Professional Standards. Several educationists blasted him on the grounds that he is a) antiquated ("old stuff"), b) non-American ("what we should teach in American colleges is American literature"), and c) totalitarian-tinged ("since he lived under a monarch, his writings reflect a totalitarian period"). Ah well, as any reader of NATIONAL REVIEW knows, "The dullness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits." (*As You Like It*, Act I)

● Jennie, according to the song, in twenty-seven languages couldn't say No. And with Eleanor Roosevelt having taken to making radio speeches in Italian, the question arises: In how many languages will she finally be unable to keep her mouth shut?

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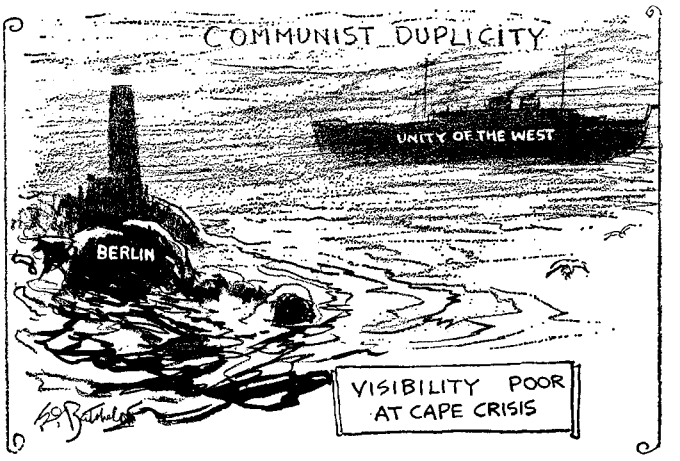
A Child of Tumult

A post mortem on Castro's Cuba is overdue. What began in hope has aborted. What remains is the one-man rule of an ideologue who has come to view the People, the State, the Revolution, and himself as synonymous. That Fidel Castro was once an idealist still seems likely, though it was three years ago that this journal first challenged his fitness to rule. But few can now deny that that idealism dried up inside of him somewhere along the way, perhaps on the triumphant march from Oriente Province to Havana; that it was consumed by a lust for power and transmuted into a petulant tyranny. A few months after he came to power, only enough of it remained to fire the dry souls of Harvard undergraduates and Liberal ideologues who cannot dare to question Fidel's charisma.

The halving of rents which killed the construction industry, the expropriation of foreign business holdings, the seizure of sugar plantations, the Rube Goldberg land reform, the bloodbaths, the jailing of journalists—they bespeak the anatomy of Castro's revolution. With the price of raw sugar at its lowest since 1941 all over the world, the Cuban economy is ruined.

Last week's vaudeville should have come as no surprise. The shuffling of cabinet ministers a month ago, the hounding of Major Díaz into asylum (he used to be a hero of the Revolution)—and now President Urrutia. Just as Castro could abide no other pretenders to the title of Liberator of the Caribbean (which is why he denounced José Figueres of Costa Rica), so he can stand no public official with the power or influence to mediate his caprice. That is why Urrutia, an old benefactor and comrade of Figueres, is now out. Urrutia's only crime was personal stability and moderate anti-Communism. He had no intention of resigning before Castro incited the mobs against him; afterward, he had no choice. Perhaps Fidel Castro's own resignation as Premier was a manifestation of a subconscious desire to be done with it all. It could be that he is merely a child of the tumult, and wants only the confetti and the ticker-tape and the crowds crying out his name. Even so, he behaved like a Machiavellian. The last anti-Communist is gone, and the ground is left to the cynical men who conspire behind the despot's back, the agents who will toil safe within the shell of his seemingly impregnable popularity.

That they will work hard none can deny. They have already begun to revise Cuban history textbooks, to indoctrinate the Army in Marxism, to jail their political enemies. They will continue to use Cuba as a base for disruptive Caribbean forays, which could plunge all of Latin America into civil war. And they have Fidel Castro's sanction. Having tasted Havana's adulation, and Harvard's, he will seek more of the same, by peddling his revolutionary bric-a-brac and his demagogy—in Ciudad Trujillo, and Port-au-Prince, and Managua. And from there? The United States Marines?



Calling Ben Franklin

News dispatch: The Vice President's office revealed that Mr. Nixon is putting together appropriate proverbs with which to answer Premier Khrushchev.

Scene: The Kremlin.

Khrushchev: Welcome, my boy. Heh, heh, you know about hypocrisy. It's the respect which virtue pays to vice presidents. Hoh hoh hoh!

Nixon: Glad to be here, Nick. But you can't have been reading our own Abe Lincoln. He liked your country because it was a place "where despotism can be taken pure, and without the base alloy of hypocrisy." Now, why don't you admit that you aren't glad to see me at all; that, in fact, you hate my guts?

Khrushchev: Come to think of it, I do hate your guts. You ruined a perfectly good American agent of mine. But, heh, heh, you catch more flies with honey than with vinegar, you know.

Nixon: If you want flies. But we Americans are more efficient; we use flypaper. You should update yourself on our peacetime technology and stop stealing our atomic secrets.

Khrushchev: That's a slander. We Russians don't need your secrets. We invented everything, including flypaper.

Nixon: I seem to have heard that before. What is it that Thomas Fuller says, "No sweetness in a cabbage twice boiled, nor in a tale twice told"?

Khrushchev: Now you are slandering our good cabbages. Have you ever had borscht? (At this point Khrushchev smiles.)

Nixon (noticing the smile): "God has given you one face, and you make yourself another." That's

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from Hamlet, you know. So is the other old saying, "One may smile and smile and be a villain."

Khrushchev (growing angry): Why, you, you . . . what is it that Helen Gahagan Douglas called you . . . a "pipsqueak McCarthy"?

Nixon (putting his fists up): It's just as *Bartlett* said: "Scratch a Russian; you'll find a Tartar." Beware, Nick. Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein. As for your Politburo, they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind. As for me, I'm on to you; after all, I didn't go to Venezuela for nothing. The burned child dreads the fire.

Khrushchev (restraining himself with difficulty): What about Little Rock? As your Emerson said, "We must get rid of slavery or we must get rid of freedom."

Nixon: I'll match you on that. At least our Little Rock Negroes can move to Chicago. Can you say as much for some of your people who are mining gold in Siberia? When the fox preaches, look to your geese.

Khrushchev: We'll take care of our own geese.

Nixon: Yes, I guess you will. Geese hiss . . . But don't get too foxy with Americans, Nick. And beware if "Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, the arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger." That's from Shakespeare's *Macbeth,* not from *Lady Macbeth of Minsk.* Remember, Nick, we've some pretty good tigers in America, despite anything Senator Humphrey may have said to the contrary, and we don't like bear hugs.

Khrushchev: Now, now, what makes you speak of bears? We're nice people.

Nixon: The proof of the pudding is in the eating. And as my old grandmother said, "Don't take any wooden nickels." G'bye, Nick.

The Export Mark-Up

Economists used to speak of the "terms of trade"—meaning the comparative costs of raw materials (usually supplied by "colonial" countries) and of manufactured goods. For most of the nineteenth century Britain found the "terms of trade" very much to its liking: it bought raw cotton, wheat, and whatnot from overseas nations at low prices and sold its cotton cloth and machinery to the outer world at high prices. But this sort of thing can boomerang for the simple reason that it creates an intense pressure in the so-called colonial areas for industrialization on their own.

On the nineteenth-century analogy the contemporary terms of trade favor the United States. For, as the *Wall Street Journal* reports, the continuing world inflation applies to almost everything except basic raw materials. These are only a little above their lows of recent years. Raw copper is not what makes electrical equipment high in price; it is the cost of the labor going into the fabrication of the copper into the finished article. But, unlike the Britain of old, the United States as a manufacturing nation cannot pile a big mark-up on top of the cost of labor and force raw material countries to pay through the nose to balance their international payments. To begin with, there are too many competing manufacturing countries that are after the business. And, secondly, all countries are tending more and more to manufacture for themselves.

Cheap raw materials, then, are not the answer to U.S. prosperity. The key to increased U.S. sales abroad is our ability to combat inflation at home.

A Taft for Case

Mr. Charles P. Taft, whose brother was Robert A. Taft—the source, one suspects, of continuing embarrassment to Charles—has labored for years to drain political meaning from the Republican Party label. He backed, to single out his most celebrated enormity, the resolution against capitalism by the World Council of Churches, in 1949. Since then he has studiously cultivated every Republican candidate whose voting record most closely coincides with the Democratic Party line—and all of this, riding his colossal effrontery, in the name of the advancement of the Republican Party. Charles Taft never explicitly repudiated his brother Robert, "Mr. Republican," nor did Robert repudiate Charles: but those of us unrelated to the family need not observe the scruples of consanguinity, and must therefore say, simply: beware the subversion of Republican principles so pertinaciously advanced by the younger brother of the man recently singled out as one of the five greatest men ever to take office in the Senate of the United States.

Charles Taft is currently engaged in raising money for Senator Clifford Case's 1960 campaign, maintaining, consistently, that Mr. Case, whose candidacy was backed in 1954 by the Americans for Democratic Action, whom he has never disappointed, is the hope of modern Republicanism. All of which is true, but begs the question, how many Republicans are anxious to go modern? A much more direct solution, designed to bring about the kind of society that would appeal to Charles Taft, is to give money to the Democratic Party, which can proceed with its programs of State welfarism unhandicapped by the ambiguities and contradictions implicit in a Republican label. In a word: let those who support the record of Clifford Case give money to his Democratic opponent, and so simplify the vexed affairs of the nation.

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Charles the Difficult

It is universally agreed that Charles de Gaulle is a difficult man. Fundamentally, de Gaulle's difficulty expresses his political and historical standpoint.

Charles de Gaulle identifies himself with France's destiny, past, present and future. For de Gaulle, Western and Christian civilization is mankind's greatest historical achievement; and France is cultural and spiritual leader of the West. Whatever her exact rank in material power, no voice takes rightful precedence over the voice of France.

Now this may seem quixotic dreaming carried over from glories gone forever, but by de Gaulle's accession to a power more complete than any French leader has held since the first Napoleon, it has also become contemporary, a political fact of prime importance.

Once more everyone is sensible of the difficulty of de Gaulle. He is being difficult about the Mediterranean fleet if war comes. His insistence that France must decide the placement and use of nuclear weapons on French territory is so trying a difficulty to SHAPE that General Lauris Norstad has shifted his nuclear bombers away from French bases. Over their shoulders, the Anglo-American-Soviet nuclear test-ban negotiators in Geneva uneasily note that the difficult de Gaulle is almost ready to explode a bomb of his own over the sands of the Sahara.

De Gaulle's intransigence does, undoubtedly, pose real difficulties for his allies—as for, let us add, his enemies. A nation that has not yet produced nuclear weapons is rather brash to demand control over the nuclear weapons of others. French and American international interests are in general harmony, but occasionally and on some matters they unavoidably conflict. Where they do, it is proper that Americans should press for the American answer; and Frenchmen, for the French.

De Gaulle once asked an American questioner: Would you rather have an ally that is soft or one that is firm? If France is too weak to say No occasionally, in peacetime, to her friends, will she say No, in wartime, to the Russians?

Charles de Gaulle is almost alone, today, among the leaders of the West in having an historical and geographical vision that is world-wide and generations-long in scale. Starting from a renewed France, this vision sweeps on to a Europe united around the Burgundian axis that was the geographical core of Charlemagne's Western and Christian empire that arose out of the disintegration of the Dark Ages. From continental Europe, the vision moves north and west across the Atlantic; and south into an Africa which de Gaulle sees as the great frontier of Europe: an Africa led out of *its* darkness, to become European, to become as did America four centuries ago a great new Europe, completing the circle of the Atlantic community.

This is why France, as de Gaulle sees it, must retain command of the Mediterranean fleet: because the fleet is the bridge between the European motherland and European Africa. This is why de Gaulle seeks so tirelessly to build a structure for the French Overseas Community that will somehow satisfy the national aspirations of the rising African states while still linking them organically to Europe. This is why the French speed the development of the oil wells and pipelines and nuclear reactors that can provide the controlled energy, always heretofore absent, for African development.

And this is why de Gaulle combines an unbreakable resolve that France will never leave Algeria—the human and geographical door to the Eurafrican future—with an ardent search for "a peace of the brave" that will permit all Algerians, Moslem and Christian alike, to unite in pursuit of the Eurafrican goal.

In America there is an inbred "anti-colonialism," grown out of the circumstances of our birth as a nation, that leads us to be instinctively "for" any people anywhere who seem to speak in the name of "freedom" and "self-determination." Some of our politicians—Senator John F. Kennedy is prominent among them—have lately taken demagogic advantage of this "anti-imperialist" conditioned reflex, in their talk about Algeria. They serve the interests only of the enemy—who has his own carefully mapped vision of Africa's future.

The present relations between Europe and Africa have nothing to do with nineteenth-century imperialism. That age is finished. We are being tricked by our own outworn slogans, shrewdly exploited by the Communists. In the case of Algeria specifically, our failure to realize what is historically at stake, and to take a political and moral stand in unambiguous support of France's basic policy is one important reason why the Algerian wound has kept bleeding so long. The loose talk of our Kennedys, Humphreys, Irving Browns and even our Nixons has sustained the morale of the extreme wing of the rebels and terrorists. No move would more dramatically speed the ending of the Algerian civil war—with all this would mean for the future of Eurafrica—than a declaration by the United States that on Algeria and North Africa we stand with de Gaulle and with France.

Such a declaration was half-made by Mr. George Allen, head of USIA, speaking in Paris a month ago. Let us hope that when President Eisenhower has his long-heralded meeting with General de Gaulle, it will be completed.

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Intent of Congress

In the Steve Nelson case, the United States Supreme Court took the position that the mere passage of a federal law directed at sedition suspended all parallel state statutes on the subject—despite the fact that in passing the federal law in question Congress clearly stated the contrary. Now a congressional countermove, long overdue, is provided by the so-called States' Rights bill recently passed by the House; and the Liberal press, which is always for centralization of power (and, in any case, always against Congress—even, one is tempted to say, when it agrees with Congress) is up in arms.

The bill, charges the *New York Times*, "attempts to narrow the well-established doctrine that courts may find in congressional legislation an intent to supersede similar state laws . . . Instead of examining the problems case by case, as the courts have been doing for a century or more, it tries to set everything aright with one blow . . . No one really knows what the bill means."

Let the *Times* not try to obfuscate what is surely a simple matter. The Court itself now stands committed (an undesirable situation, surely) to two conflicting doctrines on the issue at stake: namely, that Congress by moving into a new "area" of legislation *does* "pre-empt" that area, and that it does not. Worse still, the Court has implicitly claimed the power not merely to "find" in congressional legislation an intent to supersede state laws even when Congress has neither expressed nor implied one, but also to find such an intent when Congress has explicitly disclaimed one. And the bill that the *Times* professes not to be able to understand merely seeks, simultaneously, both to clarify our basic law by reasserting the traditional doctrine *and* to repel a dangerous Supreme Court invasion of congressional power by laying this obvious point on the line: the last word as to the intent of Congress (which even the Supreme Court recognizes as the intent that counts) must lie with—Congress.

Aid to Spain

The *New York Post*, representing, roughly speaking, the socialist spectrum of the national press, has adopted a position toward the recent decision of the United States Government to cooperate in an economic aid program for Franco Spain which would make the National Association of Manufacturers proud. Imagine, says the *Post*, an aid program for Spain! What "moral, strategic or economic justification is there for this extravagant attempt to bail out the harassed dictator?"

The *Post* proceeds as though the difficulties in its own position simply did not exist. Never has the *Post* resented U.S. aid to a socialized nation—indeed, that is the kind of country to which we should give aid, the *Post* has implicitly suggested. Franco Spain is broke not so much because Franco is a political dictator (the *Post* is all *for* aid to Poland and Yugoslavia), but because Spain's economy is *dirigiste*—a welfare state. Never mind that politically Spain is the sturdiest ally of the United States. That does not matter to Franco's critics—and never have we caught them expressing their gratitude to Franco for showing the kind of omnipotent statist concern for the welfare of the people that has always characterized his regime. What matters is not that Spain is semi-socialist and authoritarian, which is okay by the *Post* provided it is also either neutralist or pro-Communist (*e.g.*, India, Indonesia); but that it is insistently and authoritatively anti-Communist. Spain doesn't need $400 million because Spain is a political dictatorship (the Dominican Republic hasn't gone bankrupt) but because it is a highly rigidified welfare state. If Franco wants to please his Liberal critics in this country, he need only 1) declare that Spain has gone neutralist and will forbid bases to the U.S.; 2) restore diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union; 3) complete his program of socialization of basic industries; and, perhaps 4) declare that he will hold free elections some day, sometime in the future, within a month or two of when Fidel Castro holds *his* elections.

Cabbages and Knaves

Last week in New York City, at the Overseas Press Club, Mr. Richard Rovere appeared at a "Book Night Program." James Wechsler of the *New York Post* confessed to an unbounded admiration for Mr. Rovere and his book. Brent Bozell of NATIONAL REVIEW then put Mr. Rovere's book up to the light—and a packed house shuddered as the evasions, misrepresentations and hyperboles came crawling out. Mr. Rovere, to give him credit, admitted, time after time, that he "might" well have put some things in the book that weren't there, and taken some out that were there; he might have mentioned, for example, that Louis Budenz swore that Owen Lattimore had been a member of the Communist Party; or that John Stewart Service, Esther Brunauer, and a half dozen others had been fired as security risks even after the Tydings Committee whitewashed them; and, to the question why had he not in a book about Senator McCarthy mentioned the fabulous case of Paul Hughes, he said, well, er, as a matter of fact, come to think of it, probably, it might have been, well, a paragraph or two, er, silence. James Wechsler was at his strident and demagogic worst, and shot up

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with the remarkable suggestion that Paul Hughes was a *pro*-McCarthy plot! (*He* used to think *McCarthy* was devious!) When Bozell mentioned the name John Stewart Service, Wechsler shouted out: *"He was reinstated, wasn't he? Answer me, he was reinstated by the government and given back pay, wasn't he? Come on, Brent, admit it"* (cheers from the audience). Answer: The Supreme Court ruled that the loyalty board that fired Service had no authority to do so, a judgment that had nothing whatever to do with the soundness of the loyalty board's judgment—which was that Service was a security risk. The Supreme Court overturned (in *Yates*) the conviction of twelve California Communists being tried under the Smith Act. That didn't change the fact that they were Communists. In fact, they never denied it . . . Wechsler said that immediately after being grilled by the McCarthy Committee in Washington in 1953, before he had even left the committee room, Senator Symington leaned over to him and whispered, "Joe says to tell you, if you will lay off him, he'll lay off you." But of course Wechsler would never give up. He went back to New York to scream to the world about the attempt by great big McCarthy to intimidate poor little him. It doesn't sound as if McCarthy, who allegedly was willing to call it even-Steven, thought of himself having quite as much power over Wechsler as Wechsler gave the world to understand he did! . . . He'd like very much to dispute the McCarthy controversy with Roy Cohn, said JW, but Cohn refuses to meet with him. Has ducked a public debate time after time (?) . . . The moderator was Douglas Edwards. He did a fine job, was scrupulously fair.

Notes and Asides

A letter from the chairman of the board of the Federal Insurance Company, and senior partner of Chubb & Son—in answer to a promotional mailing by NATIONAL REVIEW:

"Dear Sir,

"When I so far take leave of my senses as to wish to read a magazine some of whose contributors I can only hope—in charity—are fools, some of whose contributors are undoubtedly scoundrels, and each of whose contributors, by contributing, renounces all claim of being a friend of the Republic I love, believe me I shall hasten to subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW. Until then you are wasting your money and my time sending me 'valuable offers.' HENDON CHUBB"

And an answer:

"Dear Mr. Chubb,

"Though I am glad to learn that you have not, so far as you are aware, taken leave of your senses, I must confess that for your sake I hope that before you bid us all farewell, you will do so: for in the next world, if you expect to mingle happily among those who formed the Republic you say you love, you will find, sir, that you will be everywhere in touch with men who are most surely looking upon NATIONAL REVIEW with pride and affection, as a great instrument for preserving the kind of Republic *they* founded, and loved. Of course, you may proclaim that you find yourself in the company of fools, scoundrels and public enemies. Whereupon they can suggest that you go elsewhere to find congenial company; as I do.

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR."

Our Contributors: The late DOROTHY L. SAYERS ("The Lost Tools of Learning"), appearing in these pages with a provocative article on education, is, we are told, rather better known as the creator of Lord Peter Wimsey, author of *The Nine Tailors, Gaudy Night* and other urbane British mystery novels.

From the Publisher

Some of our readers have questioned the numbering of the issues in the current Volume VII of NATIONAL REVIEW, and our description of the publication as a "weekly." NATIONAL REVIEW *Magazine* and NATIONAL REVIEW *Bulletin* are published on alternate weeks. Pursuant to postal regulations, they are numbered as successive issues of Volume VII, without regard to whether they are 32-page *Magazine* issues or 8-page *Bulletin* issues. If you wish to maintain a separate set of one or the other, just remember that the *odd* numbers are the *Bulletin* issues, while the *even* numbers are the *Magazine* issues.

The index to Volume VI will be published as part of the August 29 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, and bound volumes incorporating this index will be available on and after October 1 at $20 each ($35 for two bound volumes, and $15 for further volumes).

The season for direct-mail promotions is again drawing near, and we shall shortly be urging NATIONAL REVIEW *Magazine* and *Bulletin* upon several hundred thousand American conservatives who do not yet subscribe to one or the other. Present subscribers whose names appear on various mailing lists of conservatives may therefore receive such appeals, and we can only hope they will be tolerant with us. It would cost a young fortune to eliminate their 28,000 names from the many mailing lists we use. So, if you get a letter urging you to subscribe, please just pass it along to some conservative friend (or use it to renew your own subscription!).

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

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NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

Operation Tenderizing

The nine governors get back from Moscow this week, and the Vice-President is on his way. As Kozlov waves good-bye in New York, the Soviet track team arrives. The two powers exchange trade and culture extravaganzas. Within the month, the Philadelphia Orchestra serenades Leningrad and the Bolshoi Ballet dances in Washington. Comparable events, a year ago, were rightly viewed as a side show to the Cold War (whether mischievous or salutary, depended on the viewer). Today they constitute the Cold War's main theater of operations: even Berlin is a side show in the current phase. They have achieved this status, moreover, without anything approximating a public debate on the matter; a debate in which someone would raise the question—not, Can we compete successfully? but Can we compete at all without giving the game away?

For the U.S., the "exchange of people" program began innocently enough and innocuously. A tentative agreement on the subject was the one small piece of bacon Eisenhower brought home from Geneva in 1955—as proof that the Summit meeting had not been a total failure. But there is little evidence that the Administration, aside from a group of coexistence zealots in the State Department, took the idea seriously. In the months that followed, the President and other Administration spokesmen merely gave lip service to it to "relieve tension."

Little by little, however, as the State Department's zealots kept plugging—and the Russians kept plugging—exchanges began to take place. This year, with the trade exhibitions and the Mikoyan, Kozlov and Nixon tours, "exchanges" become a major U.S. policy. The program's new status is attributable, in part, to the size and significance of the events themselves; but also to the events having occurred in a policy vacuum. In the absence of any other "strategy," or propaganda initiative, emanating from Washington—for these purposes a tired foreign aid program and counter actions to Soviet diplomatic thrusts hardly qualify—the exchange program was bound to take over. The reaction in the public forum? "A grand way to promote mutual confidence," the Left said. "We are furnishing the Communists a free propaganda forum," rumbled the Right.

If the Left's reaction is fatuous on *a priori* grounds, the Right's is hardly calculated to point this out. To denounce the exchange program for its "propaganda" consequences is legitimate, but it plays directly into the Liberals' hands. For if propaganda—in the sense of one power "selling its line" to the other—is all that is at stake, how do you handle the Liberals' time-tested squelcher: we have a *better* line than the Communists, *i.e.*, one that is much easier to sell? What is more, the Liberals add, events have proved this. Americans and American activities in Russia are greeted with approval and apparent sympathy. Soviet efforts in the U.S., on the other hand, don't fool anyone: take, for example, the Kozlov mission, which was a flop.

This argument, of course, *can* be handled. Kozlov may have failed to sell his "peace and trade" program to the American people and the Administration; he did not, evidently, meet the same failure with the industrialists who feted him at every whistle-stop—and who, should the U.S. elect an Administration (say Adlai Stevenson's) that favors Soviet trade, would presumably start in trading. And if the Liberals are correct in contending that the average citizen is too bright to take a more favorable view of Communism on the strength of a show-case type of trade exhibit and a stunning ballet, it does not follow that the Liberals—our opinion molders—are that bright. (Indeed, just the opposite judgment follows from the sublinear Liberal contention through all this that cultural understanding is conducive to *political* understanding.) As for the alleged impact of U.S. propaganda on the Russian people, it is the outstanding irrelevancy of our day. So? Counter arguments—these and others—are, indeed, available to the Right. But too much empirical data are involved to make the point rhetorically telling. And, anyway, *no* point is telling these days if it involves a descent, however tangential, to the Liberal axiom that truth is bound to emerge the winner in competition between ideas.

The decisive argument against the exchange program is that it tends, *per se* to confer legitimacy on the Soviet Union, the Soviet Government and Communism; and thus firms up our commitment to coexistence. This is the effect of the program regardless of whether Kozlov comes here or Nixon goes there, and regardless of whether either of them succeeds in "selling his line." The ultimate effect is potentially fatal. What stands in the way of Communist success in the Soviet Union's multifarious operations along the West's periphery is not our ability to resist, but our will to resist. And the Communists know, as does any Westerner with his wits about him, that our will to resist diminishes in direct proportion as the American people and their government cease to regard the Soviet Union as a dangerous, implacable enemy.

This is Communism's propaganda objective: to tenderize America. It is achieved, not through Kozlov's persuasiveness while in Eisenhower's office, but by his presence there. By the same token, Nixon's trip may cause 10,000 Muscovites to be more tolerant of America; and the fact he makes it will cause at least that number of his own countrymen—notably, many who look to him for guidance in such matters—to be more tolerant of the Soviet Union.

The Liberals' point about "promoting mutual confidence," in other words, should be met head on. Let Senator X take the floor tomorrow with the following thesis: that the Russian people's confidence in us is unserviceable, that of their government unobtainable; and that American confidence in the Soviet Union is the very last thing we want.

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Notes on the Soviet Exhibition

JAMES BURNHAM

The Soviets' New York Exhibition is imitative and provincial, like a small-town café trying to copy the big city restaurants, or the sheriff's wife playing milady hostess. The bolts of fabric (no synthetics, by the way), stretched out in twelve-foot spokes, have the peculiar ugliness of mail order catalogues from the 1920s. There is not a square inch of chic in the women's clothes, in spite of the obvious efforts to imitate Paris and Duesseldorf. The stolid, stuffed-shoulder, detective-cloth men's suits hark back to the Sunday suits of pre-World War I cowboys.

The much argued model apartment would have a tough time getting a tenant in Dubuque or the Bronx, with its panels in revolting yellow-brown, its prissy, flimsy furniture and the equipment, both shoddy and meager, of kitchen and bath.

For those of us who remember the bulging, curlycued atrocities of thirty-five years ago, the radio cabinets are nostalgic. The statues and paintings are of a banality almost beyond believing—almost as if the artists were deliberately parodying the Party rules for "Socialist realism." On huge canvases—composed in the dreariest academic triangles and pyramids and painted in the dullest academic colors—moon-faced Pioneers, Heroes of Labor and noble non-Party peasants till Khrushchev's virgin soil, discuss *Pravda's* latest editorial or milk a collective cow.

A look at the Chaika, Volga, Zil and Moskvich will convince you that there is one line of foreign cars that will not worry Detroit. The only objects with charm are some traditional, artisan-fashioned clothes, glassware, pottery, dolls, etc. from the remote nations of central Asia.

We are told by admirers of things Soviet that this backwardness in consumer products is superficial, resulting from the fact that the Communist system is geared to disregard the consumer in order to build up a mighty productive plant. But the poor quality of so many of these items is the sign not simply of social and aesthetic indifference but of bad industrial design that exposes technical and organizational weakness in the producing industries.

True enough, there are the models of past Sputniks and a future nuclear icebreaker, a future airport, future housing developments and a future automated refinery. There are, in fact, samples of excellent existing surgical instruments and other good medical equipment, a large tractor and larger coal digger, considerable electronic equipment with ill-finished outsides but possibly sound innards, and a number of semi-automatic machine tools. (No signs of much of a chemical industry, though, which no doubt explains the absence of synthetic fabrics—and Moscow's desperate attempts to purchase British chemical equipment.)

The Total Lie

In one perspective the Soviet Exhibition is a Big and Total Lie in the classical totalitarian mode. It is a lie, in the first place, by all the truths it omits: the truths of Soviet conditions that reveal what the Communist enterprise really means in the lives of its subjects.

But what is shown also tells ten thousand lies. That model apartment, dreary as it is, is yet a vision of expansive luxury beyond even the dreams of 95 per cent of Soviet subjects. The piled-up cans and bottles of food and drink are not to be found in any ordinary larder. All visitors acquainted with the Soviet Union agree with the *New York Times'* verdict that on the consumer side the Exhibition may mirror hopes for the distant future, but has no relation to the realities of the present.

The historical lies—driven at you from all sides from charts, photographs, movies, statistics, slogans, taped messages on telephones and the tongues of guides—are still grosser and more pernicious. Moscow's bloody prison of nations is displayed as a smiling, "voluntary union of fifteen equal Soviet Socialist Republics," with which happy allies of eastern Europe and Asia have freely linked themselves in the common journey toward peace and plenty.

The Truth Will Out

Though there are 10,000 lies, the Exhibition also expresses, in the end, a central truth. Doubtless every vast exhibit of this sort must express the basic truth no matter how hard it tries to lie.

Beneath all the factual lies, the Soviet Exhibition is true to the inner meaning of Socialism—Socialism not as outward frame of material achievements or defeats but as a projection of the human spirit.

From every quarter, to the eye and ear, comes the message of Socialism: "From the day of their birth, all Soviet children are provided with free, systematic medical observation and assistance." "The task of the Soviet school is to train citizens for the constructive tasks of the Soviet people for the upbuilding of Communism." "Art belongs to the people." "Over six million children annually spend their holidays at Young Pioneer summer camps." "Soviet composers create for the people." "Complete maintenance is provided by the government while the student is trained." "Under Socialism all achievements of world culture become the property of the people."

The source impulses are always the twins that are the root of Socialist collectivism: the longing for solidarity ("herd instinct") and the wish for the sheltering protection of the responsibility-assuming father-State. Nowhere in the multitudinous displays is there any appeal to individual creation, opportunity, hazard or responsibility (as never to a father-God who is an individual person).

What is it, below the sensory and reasoned surface, that men truly want? If in the depths of their spirit men really wish to dissolve the individual mind and will and conscience into the anonymous collective mass, then Socialism-Communism is going to take over, no matter which side has the bigger missiles, better gadgets, or more ample food and housing.

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The Lost Tools of Learning

What *are* the tools of learning? Miss Sayers went after the answer with the zest and skill of a master sleuth—and pinned her conclusions to the wall

DOROTHY L. SAYERS

For three years NATIONAL REVIEW *has hammered away at the central weakness of American education: the lack of educational substance in the curriculum. In doing so, we have inadvertently neglected the importance of the tools of learning. Just because John Dewey and his disciples created and maintain an idolatry in the name of method, it does not follow that techniques of learning are unimportant. One must master the tools of learning—if one would learn how to learn. We publish here, for the first time in this country (by special permission of her estate) a brilliant essay on the subject by the late Miss Dorothy Sayers, delivered in 1947 at Oxford. The analysis casts a light so bright and penetrating as to illuminate the problems of any parent who worries about the educational progress of his child—or other people's children.*—ED.

That I, whose experience of teaching is extremely limited, should presume to discuss education is a matter, surely, that calls for no apology. It is a kind of behavior to which the present climate of opinion is wholly favorable. Bishops air their opinions about economics; biologists, about metaphysics; inorganic chemists about theology; the most irrelevant people are appointed to highly-technical ministries; and plain, blunt men write to the papers to say that Epstein and Picasso do not know how to draw. Up to a certain point, and provided that the criticisms are made with a reasonable modesty, these activities are commendable. Too much specialization is not a good thing. There is also one excellent reason why the veriest amateur may feel entitled to have an opinion about education. For if we are not all professional teachers, we have all, at some time or other, been taught. Even if we learnt nothing—perhaps in particular if we learnt nothing—our contribution to the discussion may have a potential value.

I propose to deal with the subject of teaching, properly so-called. It is in the highest degree improbable that the reforms I propose will ever be carried into effect. Neither the parents, nor the training colleges, nor the examination boards, nor the boards of governors, nor the ministries of education would countenance them for a moment. For they amount to this: that if we are to produce a society of educated people, fitted to preserve their intellectual freedom amid the complex pressures of our modern society, we must turn back the wheel of progress some four or five hundred years, to the point at which education began to lose sight of its true object, towards the end of the Middle Ages.

Before you dismiss me with the appropriate phrase—reactionary, romantic, mediaevalist, *laudator temporis acti*, or whatever tag comes first to hand—I will ask you to consider one or two miscellaneous questions that hang about at the back, perhaps, of all our minds, and occasionally pop out to worry us.

Disquieting Questions

When we think about the remarkably early age at which the young men went up to the university in, let us say, Tudor times, and thereafter were held fit to assume responsibility for the conduct of their own affairs, are we altogether comfortable about that artificial prolongation of intellectual childhood and adolescence into the years of physical maturity which is so marked in our own day? To postpone the acceptance of responsibility to a late date brings with it a number of psychological complications which, while they may interest the psychiatrist, are scarcely beneficial either to the individual or to society. The stock argument in favor of postponing the school leaving-age and prolonging the period of education generally is that there is now so much more to learn than there was in the Middle Ages. This is partly true, but not wholly. The modern boy and girl are certainly taught more subjects—but does that always mean that they actually know more?

Has it ever struck you as odd, or unfortunate, that today, when the proportion of literacy throughout western Europe is higher than it has ever been, people should have become susceptible to the influence of advertisement and mass-propaganda to an extent hitherto unheard-of and unimagined? Do you put this down to the mere mechanical fact that the press and the radio and so on have made propaganda much easier to distribute over a wide area? Or do you sometimes have an uneasy suspicion that the product of modern educational methods is less good than he or she might be at disentangling fact from opinion and the proven from the plausible?

Have you ever, in listening to a debate among adult and presumably responsible people, been fretted by the extraordinary inability of the average debater to speak to the question, or to meet and refute the arguments of speakers on the other side? Or have you ever pondered upon the extremely high incidence of irrelevant matter which crops up at committee-meetings, and upon the very great rarity of persons capable of acting as chairmen of committees? And when you think of this, and think that most of our public affairs are settled by debates and committees, have you ever felt a certain sinking of the heart?

Have you ever followed a discus-

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sion in the newspapers or elsewhere and noticed how frequently writers fail to define the terms they use? Or how often, if one man does define his terms, another will assume in his reply that he was using the terms in precisely the opposite sense to that in which he has already defined them?

Have you ever been faintly troubled by the amount of slipshod syntax going about? And if so, are you troubled because it is inelegant or because it may lead to dangerous misunderstanding?

Do you ever find that young people, when they have left school, not only forget most of what they have learnt (that is only to be expected) but forget also, or betray that they have never really known, how to tackle a new subject for themselves? Are you often bothered by coming across grown-up men and women who seem unable to distinguish between a book that is sound, scholarly and properly documented, and one that is to any trained eye, very conspicuously none of these things? Or who cannot handle a library catalogue? Or who, when faced with a book of reference, betray a curious inability to extract from it the passages relevant to the particular question which interests them?

Do you often come across people for whom, all their lives, a "subject" remains a "subject," divided by watertight bulkheads from all other "subjects," so that they experience very great difficulty in making an immediate mental connection between, let us say, algebra and detective fiction, sewage disposal and the price of salmon—or, more generally, between such spheres of knowledge as philosophy and economics, or chemistry and art?

A Few Examples

Are you occasionally perturbed by the things written by adult men and women for adult men and women to read?

We find a well-known biologist writing in a weekly paper to the effect that: "It is an argument against the existence of a Creator" (I think he put it more strongly; but since I have, most unfortunately, mislaid the reference, I will put his claim at its lowest)—"an argument against the existence of a Creator that the same kind of variations which are produced by natural selection can be produced at will by stock-breeders." One might feel tempted to say that it is rather an argument *for* the existence of a Creator. Actually, of course, it is neither: all it proves is that the same material causes (recombination of the chromosomes by cross-breeding and so forth) are sufficient to account for all observed variations—just as the various combinations of the same thirteen semitones are materially sufficient to account for Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata and the noise the cat makes by walking on the keys. But the cat's performance neither proves nor disproves the existence of Beethoven; and all that is proved by the biologist's argument is that he was unable to distinguish between a material and a final cause.

Here is a sentence from no less academic a source than a front-page article in the [London] *Times Literary Supplement*:

> The Frenchman, Alfred Epinas, pointed out that certain species (*e.g.*, ants and wasps) can only face the horrors of life and death in association.

I do not know what the Frenchman actually did say: what the Englishman says he said is patently meaningless. We cannot know whether life holds any horror for the ant, nor in what sense the isolated wasp which you kill upon the window-pane can be said to "face" or not to "face" the horrors of death. The subject of the article is mass-behavior in *man;* and the human motives have been unobtrusively transferred from the main proposition to the supporting instance. Thus the argument, in effect, assumes what it sets out to prove—a fact which would become immediately apparent if it were presented in a formal syllogism. This is only a small and haphazard example of a vice which pervades whole books—particularly books written by men of science on metaphysical subjects.

Another quotation from the same issue of the T.L.S. comes in fittingly here to wind up this random collection of disquieting thoughts—this time from a review of Sir Richard Livingstone's *Some Tasks for Education*:

> More than once the reader is reminded of the value of an intensive study of at least one subject, so as to learn "the meaning of knowledge" and what precision and persistence is needed to attain it. Yet there is elsewhere full recognition of the distressing fact that a man may be master in one field and show no better judgment than his neighbor anywhere else; he remembers what he has learnt, but forgets altogether how he learned it.

I would draw your attention particularly to that last sentence, which offers an explanation of what the writer rightly calls the "distressing fact" that the intellectual skills bestowed upon us by our education are not readily transferable to subjects other than those in which we acquired them: "he remembers what he has learnt, but forgets altogether how he learned it."

The Art of Learning

Is not the great defect of our education today—a defect traceable through all the disquieting symptoms of trouble that I have mentioned—that although we often succeed in teaching our pupils "subjects," we fail lamentably on the whole in teaching them how to think: They learn everything, except the art of learning. It is as though we had taught a child, mechanically and by rule of thumb, to play "The Harmonious Blacksmith" upon the piano, but had never taught him the scale or how to read music; so that, having memorized "The Harmonious Blacksmith," he still had not the faintest notion how to proceed from that to tackle "The Last Rose of Summer." Why do I say, "As though"? In certain of the arts and crafts we sometimes do precisely this—requiring a child to "express himself" in paint before we teach him how to handle the colors and the brush. There is a school of thought which believes this to be the right way to set about the job. But observe—it is not the way in which a trained craftsman will go about to teach himself a new medium. He, having learned by experience the best way to economize labor and take the thing by the right end, will start off by doodling about on an odd piece of material, in order to "give himself the feel of the tool."

Let us now look at the mediaeval scheme of education—the syllabus of the schools. It does not matter, for the moment, whether it was devised

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for small children or for older students; or how long people were supposed to take over it. What matters is the light it throws upon what the men of the Middle Ages supposed to be the object and the right order of the educative process.

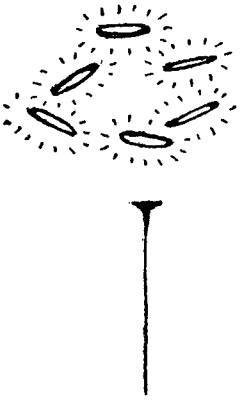
The Mediaeval Syllabus

The syllabus was divided into two parts; the Trivium and Quadrivium. The second part—the Quadrivium—consisted of "subjects," and need not for the moment concern us. The interesting thing for us is the composition of the Trivium, which preceded the Quadrivium and was the preliminary discipline for it. It consisted of three parts: Grammar, Dialectic, and Rhetoric, in that order.

Now the first thing we notice is that two at any rate of these "subjects" are not what we should call "subjects" at all: they are only methods of dealing with subjects. Grammar, indeed, is a "subject" in the sense that it does mean definitely learning a language—at that period it meant learning Latin. But language itself is simply the medium in which thought is expressed. The whole of the Trivium was, in fact, intended to teach the pupil the proper use of the tools of learning, before he began to apply them to "subjects" at all. First, he learned a language; not just how to order a meal in a foreign language, but the structure of language—*a* language, and hence of language itself—what it was, how it was put together and how it worked. Secondly, he learned how to use language: how to define his terms and make accurate statements; how to construct an argument and how to detect fallacies in argument (his own arguments and other people's). Dialectic, that is to say, embraced Logic and Disputation. Thirdly, he learned to express himself in language; how to say what he had to say elegantly and persuasively.

At the end of his course, he was required to compose a thesis upon some theme set by his masters or chosen by himself, and afterwards to defend his thesis against the criticism of the faculty. By this time he would have learned—or woe betide him—not merely to write an essay on paper, but to speak audibly and intelligibly from a platform, and to use his wits quickly when heckled. There would also be questions, cogent and shrewd, from those who had already run the gauntlet of debate.

It is, of course, quite true that bits and pieces of the mediaeval tradition still linger, or have been revived, in the ordinary school syllabus of today. Some knowledge of grammar is still required when learning a foreign language—perhaps I should say, "is again required"; for during my own lifetime we passed through a phase when the teaching of declensions and conjugations was considered rather reprehensible, and it was considered better to pick these things up as we went along. School debating societies flourish; essays are written; the necessity for "self-expression" is stressed, and perhaps even overstressed. But these activities are cultivated more or less in detachment, as belonging to the special subjects in which they are pigeon-holed rather than as forming one coherent scheme of mental training to which all "subjects" stand in a subordinate relation. "Grammar" belongs especially to the "subject" of foreign languages, and essay-writing to the "subject" called "English"; while Dialectic has



become almost entirely divorced from the rest of the curriculum, and is frequently practiced unsystematically and out of school-hours as a separate exercise, only very loosely related to the main business of learning. Taken by and large, the great difference of emphasis between the two conceptions holds good: modern education concentrates on *teaching subjects,* leaving the method of thinking, arguing and expressing one's conclusions to be picked up by the scholar as he goes along; mediaeval education concentrated on first *forging and learning to handle the tools of learning,* using whatever subject came handy as a piece of material on which to doodle until the use of the tool became second nature.

"Subjects" of some kind there must be, of course. One cannot learn the theory of grammar without learning an actual language, or learn to argue and orate without speaking about something in particular. The debating subjects of the Middle Ages were drawn largely from Theology, or from the Ethics and History of Antiquity. Often, indeed, they became stereotyped, especially towards the end of the period, and the far-fetched and wire-drawn absurdities of scholastic argument fretted Milton and provide food for merriment even to this day. Whether they were in themselves any more hackneyed and trivial than the usual subjects set nowadays for "essay-writing" I should not like to say: we may ourselves grow a little weary of "A Day in my Holidays," and all the rest of it. But most of the merriment is misplaced, because the aim and object of the debating thesis has by now been lost sight of.

Angels on a Needle

A glib speaker in the Brains Trust once entertained his audience (and reduced the late Charles Williams to helpless rage) by asserting that in the Middle Ages it was a matter of faith to know how many archangels could dance on the point of a needle. I need not say, I hope, that it never was a "matter of faith"; it was simply a debating exercise, whose set subject was the nature of angelic substance: were angels material, and if so, did they occupy space? The answer usually adjudged correct is, I believe, that angels are pure intelligences; not material, but limited, so that they may have location in space but not extension. An analogy might be drawn from human thought, which is similarly non-material and similarly limited. Thus, if your thought is concentrated upon one thing—say, the point of a needle—it is located there in the sense that it is not elsewhere; but although it is "there," it occupies no space there, and there is nothing to prevent an infinite number of different people's thoughts being concentrated upon the

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same needle-point at the same time. The proper *subject* of the argument is thus seen to be the distinction between location and extension in space; the *matter* on which the argument is exercised happens to be the nature of angels (although, as we have seen, it might equally well have been something else); the practical lesson to be drawn from the argument is not to use words like "there" in a loose and unscientific way, without specifying whether you mean "located there" or "occupying space there."

Scorn in plenty has been poured out upon the mediaeval passion for hair-splitting: but when we look at the shameless abuse made, in print and on the platform, of controversial expressions with shifting and ambiguous connotations, we may feel it in our hearts to wish that every reader and hearer had been so defensively armored by his education as to be able to cry: *Distinguo.*

Unarmed

For we let our young men and women go out unarmed, in a day when armor was never so necessary. By teaching them all to read, we have left them at the mercy of the printed word. By the invention of the film and the radio, we have made certain that no aversion to reading shall secure them from the incessant battery of words, words, words. They do not know what the words mean; they do not know how to ward them off or blunt their edge or fling them back; they are a prey to words in their emotions instead of being the masters of them in their intellects. We who were scandalized in 1940 when men were sent to fight armored tanks with rifles, are not scandalized when young men and women are sent into the world to fight massed propaganda with a smattering of "subjects"; and when whole classes and whole nations become hypnotized by the arts of the spellbinder, we have the impudence to be astonished. We dole out lip-service to the importance of education—lip-service and, just occasionally, a little grant of money; we postpone the school leaving-age, and plan to build bigger and better schools; the teachers slave conscientiously in and out of school-hours; and yet, as I believe, all this devoted effort is largely frustrated, because we have lost the tools of learning, and in their absence can only make a botched and piecemeal job of it.

The post-classical and mediaeval Latin, which was a living language down to the end of the Renaissance, is easier and in some ways livelier, both in syntax and rhythm; and a study of it helps to dispel the widespread notion that learning and literature came to a full-stop when Christ was born and only woke up again at the Dissolution of the Monasteries.

What, then, are we to do? We cannot go back to the Middle Ages. That is a cry to which we have become accustomed. We cannot go back—or can we? *Distinguo.* I should like every term in that proposition defined. Does "Go back" mean a retrogression in time, or the revision of an error? The first is clearly impossible *per se;* the second is a thing which wise men do every day. Obviously the twentieth century is not and cannot be the fourteenth; but if "the Middle Ages" is, in this context, simply a picturesque phrase denoting a particular educational theory, there seems to be no *a priori* reason why we should not "go back" to it—with modifications—as we have already "gone back," with modifications, to, let us say, the idea of playing Shakespeare's plays as he wrote them, and not in the "modernized" versions of Cibber and Garrick, which once seemed to be the latest thing in theatrical progress.

Let us amuse ourselves by imagining that such progressive retrogression is possible. Let us make a clean sweep of all educational authorities, and furnish ourselves with a nice little school of boys and girls whom we may experimentally equip for the intellectual conflict along lines chosen by ourselves. We will endow them with exceptionally docile parents; we will staff our school with teachers who are themselves perfectly familiar with the aims and methods of the Trivium; we will have our buildings and staff large enough to allow our classes to be small enough for adequate handling; and we will postulate a Board of Examiners willing and qualified to test the products we turn out. Thus prepared, we will attempt to sketch out a syllabus—a modern Trivium "with modifications"; and we will see where we get to.

But first: what age shall the children be? Well, if one is to educate them on novel lines, it will be better that they should have nothing to unlearn; besides, one cannot begin a good thing too early, and the Trivium is by its nature not learning, but a preparation for learning. We will, therefore, "catch 'em young," requiring only of our pupils that they shall be able to read, write and cipher.

The Three Ages

My views about child-psychology are, I admit, neither orthodox nor enlightened. Looking back upon myself (since I am the child I know best and the only child I can pretend to know from inside) I recognize three states of development. These, in a rough-and-ready fashion, I will call the Poll-Parrot, the Pert, and the Poetic—the latter coinciding, approximately, with the onset of puberty. The Poll-Parrot stage is the one in which learning by heart is easy and, on the whole, pleasurable; whereas reasoning is difficult and, on the whole, little relished. At this age, one readily memorizes the shapes and appearances of things; one likes to recite the number-plates of cars; one rejoices in the chanting of rhymes and the rumble and thunder of unintelligible polysyllables; one enjoys the mere accumulation of things. The Pert Age, which follows upon this (and, naturally, overlaps it to some extent) is characterized by contradicting, answering-back, liking to "catch people out" (especially one's elders) and in the propounding of conundrums. Its nuisance-value is extremely high. It usually sets in about the eighth grade. The Poetic Age is popularly known as the "difficult" age. It is self-centered; it yearns to express itself; it rather specializes in being misunderstood; it is restless and tries to achieve independence; and, with good luck and good guidance, it should show the beginnings of creativeness, a reaching-out towards a synthesis of what it already knows, and a deliberate eagerness to know and do some one thing in pref-

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erence to all others. Now it seems to me that the layout of the Trivium adapts itself with a singular appropriateness to these three ages: Grammar to the Poll-Parrot, Dialectic to the Pert, and Rhetoric to the Poetic Age.

Let us begin, then, with Grammar. This, in practice, means the grammar of some language in particular; and it must be an inflected language. The grammatical structure of an uninflected language is far too analytical to be tackled by any one without previous practice in Dialectic. Moreover, the inflected languages interpret the uninflected, whereas the uninflected are of little use in interpreting the inflected. I will say at once, quite firmly, that the best grounding for education is the Latin grammar. I say this, not because Latin is traditional and mediaeval, but simply because even a rudimentary knowledge of Latin cuts down the labor and pains of learning almost any other subject by at least fifty per cent. It is the key to the vocabulary and structure of all the Romance

languages and to the structure of all the Teutonic languages, as well as to the technical vocabulary of all the sciences and to the literature of the entire Mediterranean civilization, together with all its historical documents.

Those whose pedantic preference for a living language persuades them to deprive their pupils of all these advantages might substitute Russian, whose grammar is still more primitive. Russian is, of course, helpful with the other Slav dialects. There is something also to be said for Classical Greek. But my own choice is Latin. Having thus pleased the Classicists among you, I will proceed to horrify them by adding that I do not think it either wise or necessary to cramp the ordinary pupil upon the Procrustean bed of the Augustan Age, with its highly elaborate and artificial verse-forms and oratory.

Latin should be begun as early as possible—at a time when inflected speech seems no more astonishing than any other phenomenon in an astonishing world; and when the chanting of "*Amo, Amas, Amat*" is as ritually agreeable to the feelings as the chanting of "eeny, meeny, miney, mo."

During this age we must, of course, exercise the mind on other things besides Latin grammar. Observation and memory are the faculties most lively at this period; and if we are to learn a contemporary foreign language we should begin now, before the facial and mental muscles become rebellious to strange intonations. Spoken French or German can be practiced alongside the grammatical discipline of the Latin.

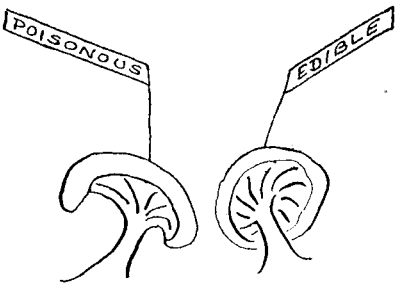
The Use of Memory

In *English*, verse and prose can be learned by heart, and the pupil's memory should be stored with stories of every kind—classical myth, European legend, and so forth. I do not think that the classical stories and masterpieces of ancient literature should be made the vile bodies on which to practice the technics of Grammar—that was a fault of mediaeval education which we need not perpetuate. The stories can be enjoyed and remembered in English, and related to their origin at a subsequent stage. Recitation aloud should be practiced—individually or in chorus; for we must not forget that we are laying the groundwork for Disputation and Rhetoric.

The grammar of *History* should consist, I think, of dates, events, anecdotes and personalities. A set of dates to which one can peg all later historical knowledge is of enormous help later on in establishing the perspective of history. It does not greatly matter which dates: those of the Kings of England will do very nicely, provided that they are accompanied by pictures of costumes, architecture, and other "everyday things," so that the mere mention of a date calls up a strong visual presentment of the whole period.

Geography will similarly be presented in its factual aspect, with maps, natural features and visual presentment of customs, costumes, flora, fauna and so on; and I believe myself that the discredited and old-fashioned memorizing of a few capital cities, rivers, mountain ranges, etc., does no harm. Stamp-collecting may be encouraged.

Science, in the Poll-Parrot period, arranges itself naturally and easily round collections—the identifying and naming of specimens and, in general, the kind of thing that used to be



called "natural history," or, still more charmingly, "natural philosophy." To know the names and properties of things is, at this age, a satisfaction in itself; to recognize a devil's coach-horse at sight, and assure one's foolish elders that, in spite of its appearance, it does not sting; to be able to pick out Cassiopeia and the Pleiades; to be aware that a whale is not a fish, and a bat not a bird—all these things give a pleasant sensation of superiority; while to know a ringsnake from an adder or a poisonous from an edible toadstool is a kind of knowledge that has also a practical value.

The grammar of *Mathematics* begins, of course, with the multiplication table, which, if not learnt now will never be learnt with pleasure; and with the recognition of geometrical shapes and the grouping of numbers. These exercises lead naturally to the doing of simple sums in arithmetic; and if the pupil shows a bent that way, a facility acquired at this stage is all to the good. More complicated mathematical processes may, and perhaps should, be postponed, for reasons which will presently appear.

So far (except, of course, for the Latin), our curriculum contains nothing that departs very far from com-

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mon practice. The difference will be felt rather in the attitude of the teachers, who must look upon all these activities less as "subjects" in themselves than as a gathering-together of *material* for use in the next part of the Trivium. What that material acually is, is only of secondary importance; but it is as well that anything and everything which can usefully be committed to memory should be memorized at this period, whether it is immediately intelligible or not. The modern tendency is to try and force rational explanations on a child's mind at too early an age. Intelligent questions, spontaneously asked, should, of course, receive an immediate and rational answer; but it is a great mistake to suppose that a child cannot readily enjoy and remember things that are beyond its power to analyze—particularly if those things have a strong imaginative appeal, an attractive jingle, or an abundance of rich, resounding polysyllables.

The Mistress-Science

This reminds me of the grammar of *Theology*. I shall add it to the curriculum, because Theology is the mistress-science, without which the whole educational structure will necessarily lack its final synthesis. Those who disagree about this will remain content to leave their pupils' education still full of loose ends. This will matter rather less than it might, since by the time that the tools of learning have been forged the student will be able to tackle Theology for himself, and will probably insist upon doing so and making sense of it. Still, it is as well to have this matter also handy and ready for the reason to work upon. At the grammatical age, therefore, we should become acquainted with the story of God and Man in outline—*i.e.*, the Old and New Testament presented as parts of a single narrative of Creation, Rebellion and Redemption—and also with "the Creed, the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments." At this stage, it does not matter nearly so much that these things should be fully understood as that they should be known and remembered.

It is difficult to say at what age, precisely, we should pass from the first to the second part of the Trivium. Generally speaking, the answer is: so soon as the pupil shows himself disposed to pertness and interminable argument. For as, in the first part, the master-facilities are Observation and Memory, so in the second, the master-faculty is the Discursive Reason. In the first, the exercise to which the rest of the material was, as it were, keyed, was the Latin grammar; in the second the key-exercise will be Formal Logic. It is here that our curriculum shows its first sharp divergence from modern standards. The disrepute into which Formal Logic has fallen is entirely unjustified; and its neglect is the root cause of nearly all those disquieting symptoms which we have noted in the modern intellectual constitution.

A secondary cause for the disfavor into which Formal Logic has fallen is the belief that it is entirely based upon universal assumptions that are either unprovable or tautological. This is not true. Not all universal propositions are of this kind. But even if they were, it would make no difference, since every syllogism whose major premise is in the form "All A is B" can be recast in hypothetical form. Logic is the art of arguing correctly: "If A, then B": the method is not invalidated by the hypothetical character of A. Indeed, the practical utility of Formal Logic today lies not so much in the establishment of positive conclusions as in the prompt detection and exposure of invalid inference.

Relation to Dialectic

Let us now quickly review our material and see how it is to be related to Dialectic. On the *Language* side, we shall now have our Vocabulary and Morphology at our fingertips; henceforward we can concentrate more particularly on Syntax and Analysis (*i.e.*, the logical construction of speech) and the history of Language (*i.e.*, how we come to arrange our speech as we do in order to convey our thoughts).

Our Reading will proceed from narrative and lyric to essays, argument and criticism, and the pupil will learn to try his own hand at writing this kind of thing. Many lessons—on whatever subject—will take the form of debates; and the place of individual or choral recitation will be taken by dramatic performances, with special attention to plays in which an argument is stated in dramatic form.

Mathematics—Algebra, Geometry, and the more advanced kind of Arithmetic—will now enter into the syllabus and take its place as what it really is: not a separate "subject" but a sub-department of Logic. It is neither more nor less than the rule of the syllogism in its particular application to number and measurement, and should be taught as such, instead of being, for some, a dark mystery, and for others, a special revelation, neither illuminating nor illuminated by any other part of knowledge.

History, aided by a simple system of ethics derived from the grammar of Theology, will provide much suitable material for discussion: Was the behavior of this statesman justified? What was the effect of such an enactment? What are the arguments for and against this or that form of government? We shall thus get an introduction to Constitutional History—a subject meaningless to the young child, but of absorbing interest to those who are prepared to argue and debate. *Theology* itself will furnish material for argument about conduct and morals; and should have its scope extended by a simplified course of dogmatic theology (*i.e.*, the rational structure of Christian thought), clarifying the relations between the dogma and the ethics, and lending itself to that application of ethical principles in particular instances which is properly called casuistry. *Geography* and the *Sciences* will all likewise provide material for Dialectic.

The World Around Us

But above all, we must not neglect the material which is so abundant in the pupils' own daily life.

There is a delightful passage in Leslie Paul's *The Living Hedge* which tells how a number of small boys enjoyed themselves for days arguing about an extraordinary shower of rain which had fallen in their town—a shower so localized that it left one-half of the main street wet and the other dry. Could one,

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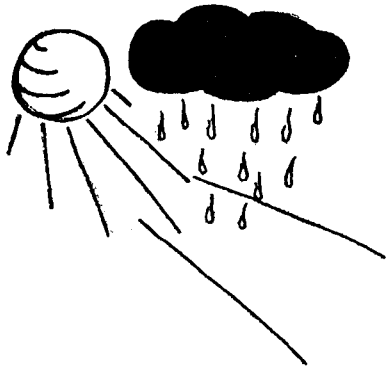
they argued, properly say that it had rained that day *on* or *over* the town or only *in* the town? How many drops of water were required to constitute rain? and so on. Argument about this led on to a host of similar problems about rest and motion, sleep and waking, *est* and *non est*, and the infinitesimal division of time.



The whole passage is an admirable example of the spontaneous development of the ratiocinative faculty and the natural and proper thirst of the awakening reason for definition of terms and exactness of statement. All events are food for such an appetite.

An umpire's decison; the degree to which one may transgress the spirit of a regulation without being trapped by the letter; on such questions as these, children are born casuists, and their natural propensity only needs to be developed and trained—and, especially, brought into an intelligible relationship with events in the grown-up world. The newspapers are full of good material for such exercises: legal decisions, on the one hand, in cases where the cause at issue is not too abstruse; on the other, fallacious reasoning and muddleheaded argument, with which the correspondence columns of certain papers one could name are abundantly stocked.

"Pert Age" Criticism

Wherever the matter for Dialectic is found, it is, of course, highly important that attention should be focused upon the beauty and economy of a fine demonstration or a well-turned argument, lest veneration should wholly die. Criticism must not be merely destructive; though at the same time both teacher and pupils must be ready to detect fallacy, slipshod reasoning, ambiguity, irrelevance and redundancy, and to pounce upon them like rats.

This is the moment when precis-writing may be usefully undertaken; together with such exercises as the writing of an essay, and the reduction of it, when written, by 25 or 50 per cent.

It will, doubtless, be objected that to encourage young persons at the Pert Age to browbeat, correct and argue with their elders will render them perfectly intolerable. My answer is that children of that age are intolerable anyhow; and that their natural argumentativeness may just as well be canalised to good purpose as allowed to run away into the sands. It may, indeed, be rather less obtrusive at home if it is disciplined in school; and, anyhow, elders who have abandoned the wholesome principle that children should be seen and not heard have no one to blame but themselves.

Once again: the contents of the syllabus at this stage may be anything you like. The "subjects" supply material; but they are all to be regarded as mere grist for the mental mill to work upon. The pupils should be encouraged to go and forage for their own information, and so guided towards the proper use of libraries and books of reference, and shown how to tell which sources are authoritative and which are not.

Imagination

Towards the close of this stage, the pupils will probably be beginning to discover for themselves that their knowledge and experience are insufficient, and that their trained intelligences need a great deal more material to chew upon. The imagination—usually dormant during the Pert Age—will reawaken, and prompt them to suspect the limitations of logic and reason. This means that they are passing into the Poetic Age and are ready to embark on the study of Rhetoric. The doors of the storehouse of knowledge should now be thrown open for them to browse about as they will. The things once learned by rote will be seen in new contexts; the things once coldly analyzed can now be brought together to form a new synthesis; here and there a sudden insight will bring about that most exciting of all discoveries: the realization that a truism is true.

The Study of Rhetoric

It is difficult to map out any general syllabus for the study of Rhetoric: a certain freedom is demanded. In literature, appreciation should be again allowed to take the lead over destructive criticism; and self-expression in writing can go forward, with its tools now sharpened to cut clean and observe proportion. Any child that already shows a disposition to specialize should be given his head: for, when the use of the tools has been well and truly learned it is available for any study whatever. It would be well, I think, that each pupil should learn to do one, or two, subjects really well, while taking a few classes in subsidiary subjects so as to keep his mind open to the interrelations of all knowledge. Indeed, at this stage, our difficulty will be to keep "subjects" apart; for a Dialectic will have shown all branches of learning to be inter-related, so Rhetoric will tend to show that all knowledge is one. To show this, and show why it is so, is pre-eminently the task of the Mistress-science. But whether Theology is studied or not, we should at least insist that children who seem inclined to specialize on the mathematical and scientific side should be obliged to attend some lessons in the Humanities and *vice versa*. At this stage also, the Latin grammar, having done its work, may be dropped for those who prefer to carry on their language studies on the modern side; while those who are likely never to have any great use or aptitude for mathematics might also be allowed to rest, more or less, upon their oars. Generally speaking: whatsoever is *mere* apparatus may now be allowed to fall into the background, while the trained mind is gradually prepared for specialization in the "subjects" which, when the Trivium is completed, it should be perfectly well equipped to tackle on its own. The final synthesis of the Trivium—the presentation and public defense of the thesis—should be restored in some form; perhaps as a kind of "leaving examination" during the last term at school.

The scope of Rhetoric depends also on whether the pupil is to be turned

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out into the world at the age of 16 or whether he is to proceed to the university. Since, really, Rhetoric should be taken at about 14, the first category of pupil should study Grammar from about 9 to 11, and Dialectic from 12 to 14; his last two school years would then be devoted to Rhetoric, which, in his case, would be of a fairly specialized and vocational kind, suiting him to enter immediately upon some practical career. A pupil of the second category would finish his Dialectical course in his Preparatory School, and take Rhetoric during his first two years at his Public School. At 16, he would be ready to start upon those "subjects" which are proposed for his later study at the university: and this part of his education will correspond to the mediaeval Quadrivium. What this amounts to is that the ordinary pupil, whose formal education ends at 16, will take the Trivium only; whereas scholars will take both Trivium and Quadrivium.

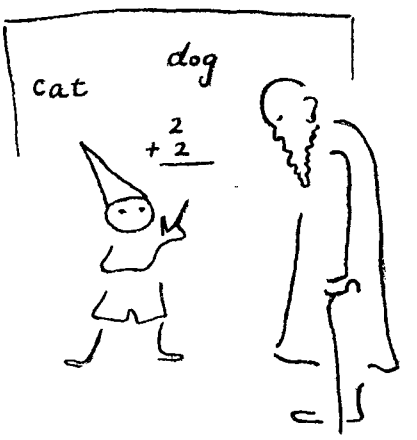
The University at Sixteen?

Is the Trivium, then, a sufficient education for life? Properly taught, I believe that it should be. At the end of the Dialectic, the children will probably seem to be far behind their coevals brought up on old-fashioned "modern" methods, so far as detailed knowledge of specific subjects is concerned. But after the age of 14 they should be able to overhaul the others hand over fist. Indeed, I am not at all sure that a pupil thoroughly proficient in the Trivium would not be fit to proceed immediately to the university at the age of 16, thus proving himself the equal of his mediaeval counterpart, whose precocity astonished us at the beginning of this discussion. This, to be sure, would make hay of the English public-school system, and disconcert the universities very much. It would, for example, make quite a different thing of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race.

But I am not here to consider the feelings of academic bodies: I am concerned only with the proper training of the mind to encounter and deal with the formidable mass of undigested problems presented to it by the modern world. For the tools of learning are the same, in any and every subject; and the person who knows how to use them will, at any age, get the mastery of a new subject in half the time and with a quarter of the effort expended by the person who has not the tools at his command. To learn six subjects without remembering how they were learnt does nothing to ease the approach to a seventh; to have learnt and remembered the art of learning makes the approach to every subject an open door.

Educational Capital Depleted

Before concluding these necessarily very sketchy suggestions, I ought to say why I think it necessary, in these days, to go back to a discipline which we had discarded. The truth is that for the last 300 years or so we have been living upon our educational capital. The post-Renaissance world, bewildered and excited by the profusion of new "subjects" offered to



it, broke away from the old discipline (which had, indeed, become sadly dull and stereotyped in its practical application) and imagined that henceforward it could, as it were, disport itself happily in its new and extended Quadrivium without passing through the Trivium. But the scholastic tradition, though broken and maimed, still lingered in the public schools and universities: Milton, however much he protested against it, was formed by it—the debate of the Fallen Angels, and the disputation of Abdiel with Satan have the toolmarks of the Schools upon them, and might, incidentally, profitably figure as set passages for our Dialectical studies. Right down to the nineteenth century, our public affairs were mostly managed, and our books and journals were for the most part written, by people brought up in homes, and trained in places, where that tradition was still alive in the memory and almost in the blood. Just so, many people today who are atheist or agnostic in religion, are governed in their conduct by a code of Christian ethics which is so rooted in their unconscious assumptions that it never occurs to them to question it.

Forgotten Roots

But one cannot live on capital forever. A tradition, however firmly rooted, if it is never watered, though it dies hard, yet in the end it dies. And today a great number—perhaps the majority—of the men and women who handle our affairs, write our books and our newspapers, carry out research, present our plays and our films, speak from our platforms and pulpits—yes, and who educate our young people, have never, even in a lingering traditional memory, undergone the scholastic discipline. Less and less do the children who come to be educated bring any of that tradition with them. We have lost the tools of learning—the axe and the wedge, the hammer and the saw, the chisel and the plane—that were so adaptable to all tasks. Instead of them, we have merely a set of complicated jigs, each of which will do but one task and no more, and in using which eye and hand receive no training, so that no man ever sees the work as a whole or "looks to the end of the work."

What use is it to pile task on task and prolong the days of labor, if at the close the chief object is left unattained? It is not the fault of the teachers—they work only too hard already. The combined folly of a civilization that has forgotten its own roots is forcing them to shore up the tottering weight of an educational structure that is built upon sand. They are doing for their pupils the work which the pupils themselves ought to do. For the sole true end of education is simply this: to teach men how to learn for themselves; and whatever instruction fails to do this is effort spent in vain.

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Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Another Round in Geneva

It would be foolish to disregard the fact that the West returned to Geneva greatly weakened and confused. This is not the time of the Crusades, when European monarchs with a common faith, the bonds of honor, and a secret trust went to fight the enemy of Christendom. We are living in Jacob Burckhardt's "terrible twentieth century." The Swiss sage, two generations ago, uttered the prophetic words: "Once politics are based on the fermentations of the peoples, all security will have come to an end." And, indeed, in this democratic age the various heads of governments anxiously listen to the voices coming from below, adjust their programs and politics to the whims, vagaries, sentiments and oscillations of the Voting Public. Thus Mr. Macmillan in Britain tries to allay pacifist and neutralist apprehensions. M. de Gaulle, while standing firm in face of the Soviets, nevertheless harks back to the concept of *la Gloire* in order to appease a restless and narrow nationalism in another sector. German leftist intellectuals, so ably described in William S. Schlamm's recent book [*Germany and the East-West Crisis*, McKay, $3.95], make frantic efforts to reap the largest possible dividends from the Adenauer-Erhard feud.

Discord and uneasiness run rampant in other domains of the Free West as well. The Austrian elections of two months ago have only now resulted in the formation of a government. In Sicily Signor Milazzo's "Christian Social" splinter and the "Christian Democrats," now supported by the Monarchists and Fascists, have come to blows in the Palermo Diet. The Danes still are torn between joining the "Inner Six," the "Outer Seven," or a larger Free Trade Zone. (Eventually the "Inner Six" will win: witness the secret negotiations between it and the Greeks and Tunisians.) The Netherlands and the Belgian governments rest on minimal majorities and could founder overnight.

Meantime Comrade Khrushchev is doing his level best to beat the war drums, simultaneously speculating on the possibilities of a nervous breakdown in the West. Under these circumstances, one wonders whether our prosperity works in our favor. It is obvious that starving and impoverished people might give in to the Communists because they have little to defend; on the other hand too much ease makes people disposed to pay any price for a life they cherish too much, to disregard honor and principle, to fail to realize the consequences of tomorrow should today's strong positions be abandoned in a "bargain for time." There is no doubt that the average Frenchman, German or Belgian fears another war far more than, let us say, the average Hungarian, Rumanian or Bulgarian —who faces the simple alternative: death or freedom. The prevailing view in Moscow is precisely that the West wants a comfortable, animal, "business as usual" life above anything; hence the peremptory demands of the men in the Kremlin. They would talk (and plan) quite differently if they could be convinced that a deeply religious West would be willing to die for its faith and freedom. Such an argument would act as a powerful brake upon a materialistic aggressor, to whom life in *this* world is of paramount importance. Unfortunately, most of us believe more in the refrigerator, the shiny car, the little woman, and the juicy steak than in the Lord. Our weak faith remains our greatest handicap, even in politics.

Britain's particular weakness is what the British call their "common sense." Its drawback lies precisely in the fact that at times they mistakenly credit other nations with it. Here lies the root of Britain's tragic, fatal policy toward Hitler (who "could not possibly mean what he writes") and its present inability to comprehend the monolithic Russian Communists.

A few cheerful items, however, appear on the otherwise dismal scene. One is the deepening of Franco-German understanding in the face of multitudinous minor difficulties. A recent Gallup Poll has shown that the Germans will soon be as popular in France as the British and Americans are now; that 31 per cent of the French believe the Germans sincerely regret the errors of their past; 80 per cent are in favor of the strongest possible economic ties with Germany; and 70 per cent insist that Germany ought to become a friend and ally of France. (Yet "blind confidence in Germany" is voted by only 11 per cent, and 15 per cent still express absolute distrust.)

In all other domains French policies remain dynamic, aggressive, and elastic. The decisions concerning the Mediterranean fleet and control of atomic weapons stored in France have met with a wave of anti-French criticism by her NATO partners—at a trying time in France's psychological struggle to overcome the trauma of defeat and humiliation which marked the Fourth Republic. Yet her economic recovery is admittedly spectacular, the exploitation of the Sahara progresses, the reorganization of her overseas territories is advancing according to schedule. (It is only a question of months until the first African attachés will make their appearance in French diplomatic missions abroad.) Few Americans realize that for every Volkswagen sold in France one hundred Renaults are sold in Germany. (French engineering is nothing to sneeze at.) The Saarlanders have already violently protested against German working conditions, salaries and social benefits, as well as against prices —a sign that France is assuring a well-being to her citizens which causes envy in other countries. This should also dispose of the legend of the cruel, egotistic and heartless French entrepreneur who, more and more, becomes a ludicrous caricature of the past. The association of *Jeunes Patrons* shows that times are rapidly changing in France, a nation at once so "radical" and so "conservative."

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from HERE *to* THERE

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

In Dispraise of the Eighties

Recently, in this space, I tried to defend the nineteen twenties as a period when the individual, far from being "lost," had everything going for him. By implication the article was in dispraise of the nineteen thirties, when American youth first began to kowtow in droves to the spirit of Moscow and the proletcult.

Actually, however, the thirties were more sinned against than sinning. The subversion of the idea of individual responsibility, of the "inner directed" character, had already been completed in the key recesses of the American psyche long before the stock market crash of 1929 or the advent of the New Deal. The subversion dates back to the eighteen eighties, which have more and more tended to become my phobic decade.

On the surface, the eighties may have seemed placid enough to most Americans. In the earlier part of the decade homesteading on the great plains of Kansas and the Dakotas had not yet been made hazardous by a recurring cycle of drought. Grover Cleveland was in the White House during the decade's middle span, vetoing bad bills and setting a tone of common honesty that was a relief to good government "goo goos" after some of the swindles of the General Grant era. Literature, with Howells, had a smiling touch; humor, with Mark Twain, had not yet turned sour. The supposedly wicked men of the railroads, who in the seventies had had to "corrupt" whole legislatures (see Ayn Rand's significant *Notes on the History of American Free Enterprise,* privately printed by the Platen Press, New York) in order to protect themselves against blackmailing senators, had finally linked the nation together. Yet, though the sun was manifestly shining, Americans in the eighties did not trust their good fortune. In the secret places of the heart they were already turning against their own heritage and their own genius.

I have already had something to say about the confrontation of William Graham Sumner and Lester Ward, the pioneers of American sociology who first crossed swords on the subject of the moral autonomy of the individual in 1883. Sumner, with his libertarian *What Social Classes Owe to Each Other,* may have impressed his older contemporaries, but Ward's hope for a planned society run by "sociocrats" (a dictatorial trap if there ever was one) was destined to win the sociologists of the coming century.

The economists of the eighties were already joining the lock step toward the Bismarckian "social control" state which some of them had seen a-borning during student days in Berlin. In 1885, meeting amid the ornate splendors of Saratoga Springs, Henry C. Adams (not to be confused with the more famous Henry Adams), the Rev. Washington Gladden, Richard T. Ely and young Woodrow Wilson founded the American Economic Association. The association was dedicated at its nativity to combatting *laissez faire,* which Henry C. Adams and the rest misconstrued to mean a divorcement of economics from the English common law precepts that provided punishment for shortchanging, misrepresentation of goods, and conspiring to effect a monoply. Incredibly for those who ostensibly believed in the function of the human mind, the Saratoga Springs economists proclaimed that henceforward economics should be less concerned with speculation (meaning the search for valid principle) than with historical and statistical studies. Veblenism and Keynesianism, with their contempt for the classical analysis, may be said to have been born on American shores at Saratoga Springs in 1885.

In his *The American Mind* Henry Steele Commager has praised the economists of the eighties for a) recognizing economics as a pragmatic and inductive science, b) appreciating the relevance of ethical as well as scientific considerations, and c) acknowledging the need for State intervention in the economic process. Not content with lyrical appreciation, Commager couples all this with familiar diatribes against Sumner and Francis Amasa Walker for their alleged devil-take-the-hindmost attitude. He is quite oblivious to a) that induction, to be meaningful (see Alfred North Whitehead), must be conducted as a search for the uniformities that make for law; b) that no good economist from Adam Smith on has ever tried to build a system on dishonor (contract, indeed, is the very negation of dishonor); and c) that his pet aversion, Sumner, far from abstracting *laissez faire* from ethical considerations, denounced the American "plutocracy" in a dozen essays, fought the protective tariff as a moral evil and conducted a yeoman fight to put the State behind sound monetary practice.

It was highly significant that the Rev. Washington Gladden took part in the deliberations of the economists at Saratoga Springs in 1885. Gladden, the "Father of the Social Gospel," had assumed the leadership in the clerical battle to relieve the single, separate person of his age-old burden of personal responsibility for individual behavior. Along with the other social gospelizers, Gladden thought of "society" as the great culprit, the source of all wrongdoing. Up to a point the concern of the clergymen of the eighties with a mission to bring amelioration to the East Side of New York and the West Side of Chicago was an understandable reaction against a Calvinism that had denied anything could be done to save an individual who was not one of a predestined elect. But the Social Gospel soon slid over into the not-so-different fallacy that the individual could do nothing about his moral condition if he happened to be born in a slum. What had begun as a protest against the clerical ivory tower ended with the embracement (by the Rev. Harry Ward and Dr. John Bennett) of the theory that morality is not possible under a capitalist order.

Thus the forces put in motion by the eighties. If we are ever to recover the idea of individual responsibility, the eighties must be exposed.

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Uneasy Compromise

FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN

If style maketh the man, then the critic bent on understanding Professor Crane Brinton's *A History of Western Morals* (Harcourt, $7.50) ought to look first and foremost to the style in which it is written. Witty; brutal; urbane; tender; never eloquent. Confessing himself a child of his own age, Dr. Brinton occupies a mean position between Christianity and the Enlightenment. Maintaining throughout an uneasy compromise, he does so with irony because he is well aware that such a compromise, simply in being a compromise, is not likely to satisfy for long the Western world that gave it birth.

Addressing himself to the relation between the "ought" and the "is" in human conduct, he rejects both the opinion of those who say that the "is" ought to be and the opinion of those who say that the "ought" never is. Ethical ideals always penetrate and make themselves actual within the society that creates them; but these ideals, according to Dr. Brinton, never determine *decisively* the conduct of the bulk of the people. He thus separates himself both from the naturalistic barbarism of a Kinsey and from the idealism of those who would make the history of morals a history of moral philosophy. This felicitous distinction permits him to establish the method which guides his massive study.

A society cannot be judged wholly by its own standards because these standards not only guide society but themselves reflect society. Therefore a complete historicism in the history of morals would itself be immoral. Crane Brinton suggests as an alternative a critical evaluation of the ideals of a society, linked with a history of that society's success or failure in living up to them.

The key concept employed is that of the "agon" which, writes Brinton, "I shall translate, with an ironic glance at the social Darwinians, as the 'struggle for prize' . . . the desire of men to gain honor and esteem by winning out in competition with their fellows, the need for ritual recognition of such achievement, the need for rules of the game, for a code, in short, for morality." Neatly ducking the theoretical question of just *what* is morality and from whence the obligation to be moral arises, Dr. Brinton makes his peace with Christians and Utilitarians alike by admitting the practical need for moral standards, while avoiding the philosophical and theological issues involved in establishing them. Again he proves himself a good child of that public compromise between Christianity and Enlightenment whose most successful advocate was probably Bentham.

Yet even here Dr. Brinton proves himself wiser than his intellectual antecedents: he constantly refuses to *reduce* morality to utility, even while he insists through four hundred and seventy-nine pages on the utility of morality. He hints that such a reduction would defeat its own ends: it would not be useful! Heroes do not die on the field of battle nor has our history been watered in the blood of martyrs because timid souls were nourished on the thin broth of Mr. Jeremy Bentham and Mr. John Stuart Mill.

With the exception of a hasty glance at the ancient Near East, Dr. Brinton settles for the traditional picture of a Western civilization with its origins in Israel and Greece, receiving its institutional stability in Rome, flowering into the High Middle Ages of Christendom, humanizing itself during the Renaissance, cracking with the Reform and the Counter-Reform, and finally settling into a progressive secularization beginning with the Age of Reason.

The non-professional historiographer would be rash indeed were he to quarrel with the evidence marshaled by the author. Three observations, however, do seem in order: a) Was early Christianity altogether so lamblike as Brinton makes it out to have been? A reading of *The Holy Fire* would indicate the contrary. b) Is it wise to tie the cult of the Virgin so closely to the chivalric ideal when this cult flourished as well in a Byzantium that knew chivalry but imperfectly and as an alien thing? c) Is it accurate to characterize the Middle Ages as individualistic when these centuries were actually marked by a wide development and proliferation of *institutions*?

Granting, however, the undoubtedly superb scholarship of the Harvard historian, the critic cannot fail to be disturbed by the blindness toward the mystical that runs through *A History of Western Morals*. Professor Brinton is as aware as was Chesterton that "theology often keeps men sane when religion would drive them mad." Unlike Chesterton, however, he cannot really be fair to the experience of God that has marked the Christian mystical tradition. Lines such as the following indicate a serious collapse in judgment: "The outsider cannot be so sure about those two Spanish mystics of the Catholic Reformation, St. Theresa and St. John of the Cross. Their passions look dangerously clinical, and most inadequately sublimated, from the point of view of quiet, conforming Christianity." A woman capable of reforming a religious order, of carrying on a vast correspondence and of supervising the practical details of a host of convents cannot be accused of that failure in realism which

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marks mental disease in all its manifestations.

Possessed of a fine grip on the phenomena of moral conduct, Brinton simply cannot carry ethics back to its ultimate ground: man's experience of God in that breakthrough of transcendence into immanence that alone cuts Christianity, and the world created thereby, away from every other religion or ethic. It is here that we meet the irony so magnificently revealed by Eric Voegelin in *Israel and Revelation*. Unless a man experience the Faith from within, he cannot understand the transfiguration effected by Christianity from within the walls of the West.

History (including the history of morals) is a theological concept, itself resulting from a religious experience. To put the matter very bluntly: St. Theresa and St. John of the Cross *cannot* be understood "from without," but unless they *are* understood the spiritual fire of a whole century and of an entire culture must remain a pageant seen from a distance by a man for whom the drama he views is a thing foreign to his being.

Dr. Brinton's conclusions bear out these observations. Himself the confessed child of a compromise between the Enlightenment and Christianity, Brinton senses all the more from within himself the moral and spiritual crisis facing the West today, a West heavily dominated by just this very compromise. Admitting that naive scientism, bent as it is on stripping reality of its sacramental and awesome character, strikes most normal human beings as somehow sinister in its bloodless and clinical approach to life, Brinton insists that scientific progress must find its own justification in a system of morals that transcends empirical observation and mathematical systematization: "The rigorous, exclusive attempt to use the human mind 'scientifically' and *only scientifically* is surely impossible: it is perhaps also an attempt contrary to the real nature of man and the universe, and therefore immoral, as the convinced Christian must believe."

A world wherein not only God, but Nature itself, had faded away into folklore would be a world whose heart had been broken on the wheel of despair. This Dr. Brinton wishes no more than I, but *he* has no effective commitments that could put a halt to the march of the technological barbarians. The only answer here is the ring of Christian affirmation, the annealing of the will of man to the orthodoxy of God.

Dr. Brinton's "Conclusion: in which Nothing is Concluded" was written by a man who must know in his heart that we cannot for long continue to walk, whistling in the dark, through the graveyard of the West, flanked by the tombs of those convictions that alone have made life bearable this side of Paradise.

Moscow Formula for Victory

M. STANTON EVANS

EVERY SO OFTEN there appears a book which, through its fidelity to key truths, can lift us above the flux of daily events and give us a whole view of our condition. By a direct intuition of the nature of its subject, it achieves in brief compass what hundreds of others, in thousands of pages, have failed to achieve. Such a book is *Protracted Conflict* (Harper, $3.95), by Robert Strausz-Hupé, Col. William Kintner and other associates at the Foreign Policy Research Institute.

"Protracted conflict" is the authors' phrase for the kind of war being waged by the Soviet Union against the free world. It is a process in which the strategic position of America and her allies is being worn down by slow degrees through a series of ambiguous challenges, none critical enough to incur decisive retaliation, and through a variety of indirect aggressions.

The Kremlin, the authors tell us, has been winning the Cold War because it has a single strategic conception which unifies all of its activities and gives it a perspective from which to evaluate each particular encounter. The conception is simple: to exploit every mode of human action and expression as a means for destroying the West. The Communists, as the authors see it, "are likely to win World War III because they know they are in it."

Opposed to the unitary strategy of the Kremlin is the contradictory, *ad hoc* fumbling of the Western powers: every provocation is treated in its turn—one well, another stupidly—but each in complete isolation from the last, or the next. No long-range conception of what is going on informs our counsels. The result is that the partners in the free world alliance either do not give each other any significant help in times of crisis (as in Indochina) or else actively undercut one another (as in Korea and Suez).

We fail to see that the cycle of challenges—Iraq today, Quemoy tomorrow, Berlin the day after—is in reality one challenge, and that its locus is not in Baghdad or Amoy Harbor, but in Moscow. Our inability to grasp the fact that we are at war, and to refer the challenge to its source, has kept us permanently on the defensive. Not knowing *whom* to strike, we cannot begin to unravel the problem of *how* to strike. We concede the Soviets a "monopoly of the initiative" which allows them to control the timing of each particular conflict; we accept their theory as to where the battle, once begun, should be conducted: *i.e.*, always in our territory, never in theirs.

THE PASSIVENESS of our strategy was made explicit in the doctrine of "containment," which proposed to counter the Communist forays into the free world by pushing each one, as it occurred, back across the line dividing our world from theirs. *No provision was made for incursions by our forces into areas held by the Communists.*

This "peace zone-war zone" bifurcation—as the Communists have phrased it—was affirmed by the Korean war and by our acquiescence in the murder of Hungary. In these crises we assured the Communists that east of a line established by their last previous aggressions we proposed to accept every variety of barbarism without effective protest. We thus have erected a foreign policy, and a moral ethos to back it up, in

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which the primary sanction for right action is reverence for the *fait accompli*. In consequence, as parts of the free world are pulled, piecemeal, into the Communist empire, they are forever sealed off from "interference"—that is, help—from the West. Their *de facto* subjugation is self-justifying, rendering the tortures which enforce it an "internal" matter properly left to the discretion of the Kremlin.

Communism has made its spectacular advances, the Strausz-Hupé book points out, in spite of the fact that the USSR has been militarily inferior to the United States. To circumvent America's technological advantage, in fact, is one of the peculiar virtues of the "protracted conflict" technique. By avoiding a decisive provocation, by using "proxy" regimes to do its dirty work, and by exploiting the "legalistic" refusal of America to square its preconceptions with reality, the Soviet Union has carefully skirted occasions on which its own military potential would be thrown into the scales against our Strategic Air Command.

The authors here touch on a fact which is seldom included in current discussions of our relations with the USSR. "By projecting an exaggerated image of their strength," they point out, the Communists "often inhibit the Western response to their carefully calibrated challenges . . . it is as dangerous to overestimate Communist power as to underestimate it. The penalty for overestimation is invariably the relinquishment of the initiative to the enemy . . ." Through its unsubstantiated claims to missile prowess, the Soviet Union hopes to terrorize the United States with visions of annihilation, in the event that its various ultimata are not met. But when firmness is displayed—as during the Turkish crisis of 1957 or the Quemoy siege of 1958—the subject of annihilation is quickly forgotten, and the Soviets move on to their next aggression.

In analyzing the Soviet campaign of terror, the authors make their profoundest point: the crisis has no certain spatial dimensions; it takes place in the mind of the West. It is the Communists' object, not to engorge some particular piece of ground, but to destroy our will to resist—through "peace" campaigns, through propaganda about nuclear testing and the horrors of atomic war and through a fabricated image of themselves as military colossi against whom there can be no hope of resistance.

Such is the main line of reasoning in *Protracted Conflict*. In its clarity, its vigor and its urgency, it strikes me as the most important discussion of American foreign policy that I have seen since James Burnham's *Struggle for the World*. What is needed now is a program of action, faithful to the analysis contained in this book. The authors promise that one is forthcoming; we can only hope that it is as wise in its premises, and as determined in its logic, as the present study.

Random Notes

Books of interest being published in late summer: Richard La Piere, *The Freudian Ethic, An Analysis of the Subversion of American Character* (Duell) . . . Allen Drury, *Advise and Consent*, a novel of Washington politics (Doubleday) . . . R. Hart Phillips, *Cuba, Island of Paradox* (McDowell, Obolensky) . . . C. G. Jung, *Flying Saucers, A Modern Myth of Things Seen in the Skies* (Harcourt).

Under the headline, "Russians Have Landed—but Big," *Variety* reports that in the first six days of the Russian Exhibit at the New York Coliseum, 25,000 paid admissions were totted up, breaking the attendance record for the building, while simultaneously the Moiseyev Dancers at Madison Square Garden had registered an advance sale of $300,000. The columns of that hard-boiled trade journal of the entertainment industry are full of reports of the success of Soviet films, touring attractions, etc. "Cultural exchange" is becoming big business—on this side of the Atlantic at least. As *Variety* sardonically puts it: "There couldn't be more Russians in New York, short of The Revolution."

Next season on Broadway: *Duel of Angels*, to be directed by José Quintero, with Vivien Leigh in the role she played in the original London production . . . an adaptation of Edmund G. Love's book, *Subways Are for Sleeping* . . . Jean Anouilh, *The Scatterbrain*, adapted by Lucienne Hill, with Rex Harrison starring . . . a new play by William Inge, *A Loss of Roses* . . . a Theatre Guild production of the current London comedy, *The Grass Is Greener*.

New additions to publishers issuing paperbacks: Praeger, Cambridge University Press, University of Minnesota Press . . . A poll of London critics selects *Long Day's Journey into Night* as the best foreign play of the year, and *West Side Story* as the best foreign musical . . . The leading television performer of all time, from the networks' point of view, is Arthur Godfrey, who has to date grossed an estimated $150,000,000 in advertising revenue. Nearest rival is Ed Sullivan, with $80,000,000 . . . Max Wylie's novel, *Trouble in the Flesh* (reviewed by John Chamberlain, *NR*, July 18) is being adapted for the theater by Ketti Frings, winner of the Pulitzer Prize for her adaptation of Thomas Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel*.

Effect of the movies on an old classic: the forthcoming release of Metro's $15,000,000 production of *Ben Hur* has brought about a flood of new editions of the book. Eleven separate publishers have announced various versions for the next few months. F.S.M.

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The Fourth ("As If") Republic

WILLMOORE KENDALL

NATHAN LEITES' *On the Game of Politics in France* (Stanford University Press, $4.50) is an unpretentious little volume about "some major patterns of parliamentary strategy and tactics" during the declining phase of the Fourth Republic. That republic, as everyone knows, plagued France with a bewildering succession of "governments," each resting upon an uneasy coalition of Center political parties, each doomed to "fall" as soon as it took any step that might alienate any considerable portion of its parliamentary support, each therefore incapable by definition of dealing effectually with any genuine problem of policy, domestic or foreign.

Mr. Leites now adds to that knowledge the following not uninteresting if not very instructive further intelligence: the Center parliamentarians became a "political class," every member of which had a vested interest in perpetuating the system and had to behave in a manner appropriate to its major characteristic, namely, that nothing ever got done or decided. Above all, everyone had to accept the obligation not to press any issue to a point where a decision had to be made. Each was obliged to think of himself as potentially a supporter of some future government that might include pretty much any other member of the class whom he might today, as an oppositionist, alienate or embarrass (by criticizing him too severely, for example, or by forcing him to assume or sidestep responsibility). Ideological and programmatic distinctions between the Center parties became, in consequence, virtually meaningless, and the parliamentarians developed a whole set of approved dodges, understandings, rituals, forms of words, etc., that enabled debate and negotiation to go forward *as if* something were being debated and negotiated about.

Mr. Leites has been able a) to identify some of the dodges (passing the buck, stalling for time, the search for a *force majeure* that would make it possible to say that "events" had decided things, etc.); b) to document the fact that the dodges in question were widely used; and c) to show how they contributed to the perpetuation of the system.

HE IS NOT to be blamed, unless indirectly, for the claims made for his study by the internationally famous political scientist who has been brought in to write the Foreword, and presumably to give the volume added prestige: That what is in question is a "book" (rather than a chapter or footnote), that it explains "how and why the Fourth Republic slid down to its end," that the French experience teaches a "local lesson" (that is, one for democracies nearer home), and that Mr. Leites writes with an "overtone of warning." Except for a few concluding pages written after de Gaulle's return to power, the volume is projected upon a highly circumspect level of what is fashionably called "scientific" impartiality. Mr. Leites observes, documents, and moves on; he neither approves nor disapproves of the elaborate apparatus of irresponsibility that he describes; and he "explains" merely in the sense in which, say, a slow-motion movie of an event formerly observed at normal speed explains that event. If there is a note of warning, it is confined to those few concluding pages, and has a bearing that one can only describe as dangerous.

Let me put it this way. If, off at the end, Mr. Leites has proved anything, it is that France under the Fourth Republic was badly and irresponsibly governed. *Why,* the reader keeps asking himself, was this farce allowed to continue? (Mr. Leites could not, of course, put the question into words without letting a little butter melt in his mouth; but that is what the data add up to for anybody who believes that governments should get things done, make decisions.) The note on which the study actually ends, however, seems to be one of regret at the passing of the Fourth Republic. Once down off his clinical high-horse, Mr. Leites views with horror (a horror one might fairly expect from a Smith College junior who has just learned about General Trujillo) the violation of "republican" "legality" by General de Gaulle, the acquiescence in it of the parliamentarians and of the French people, the reappearance of "God" in French political discourse (God does not, however, make Mr. Leites' index), and the inauguration of a state of affairs in which something would get done, something would get decided. The warning, if one there be, is: Peoples of the World, perpetuate your republics! Remember—for we impartial political scientists are, after all, Tom Paines at heart—that the only standard of legitimacy in politics is popular election! Cling fast to it! Even the worst of republics is preferable to that man!

MR. LEITES' handling of de Gaulle's return to power has a curious incidental effect. What with all the emphasis on republican legality, the parliamentarians who look pretty good in the twilight of the Fourth Republic are the brave fellows who opposed de Gaulle right down to the last minute, namely, the Communists. I do not suggest that Mr. Leites intended to make them look good (we never know, with Mr. Leites, what he intends, and anyhow he can answer that he has merely let the facts speak for themselves and who could have any objection to that?). It does, however, estop the claim that this reviewer would have liked to make for Mr. Leites' new volume, to wit, that having diverted his attention from studies like his *Operational Code of the Politburo,* he would no longer be confusing the nation's counsels with respect to Communism. He still is.

Incidentally: *On the Game* appears under the aegis of the Rand Corporation, the Air Force's civilian research agency. The Air Force may or may not fly its planes better and more wisely at some future moment because of our now-enhanced knowl-

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edge of "some" French parliamentary strategies and tactics during the years 1951-1958. My guess, based on "some" personal knowledge of how these things work, is that the volume cost the American taxpayer not one cent less than $10,000 to produce. And if some congressional committee doesn't get around soon to looking into this sort of of thing, *I'm* going to write a book. On parliamentary irresponsibility in the United States.

Playing Possum

ROBERT PHELPS

HUGH KENNER has zest, aplomb, enterprise. He is neither lazy nor afraid. He has a mind of his own to make up, and best of all, he is in love with the art of poetry. This is so uncommon a variety of virtues to find in any writer, and they all prevail so briskly throughout his new book on T. S. Eliot, *The Invisible Poet* (McDowell, Obolensky, $5.00), that it is not at all necessary to be a graduate student in Modern Poetry in order to enjoy it.

As his title hints, Mr. Kenner sees Eliot's achievement as a triumph of masks. From the beginning, the real poet has remained cagily out of sight, and let a succession of disguises speak for him. Arriving in England when the Georgians were in flower—or blight—and living there through four very different decades, he managed to survive them all by playing a series of ingenious roles. As a poet, he was the wistful Prufrock, the formidably erudite Tiresias, the "aged eagle," Old Possum with his cats; as a critic, he was the aloof *Times Lit Supplement* reviewer or the visiting lecturer on Dryden; as a man, he was a dapper banker, a pan-European editor, and finally a West End celebrity aptly elusive of being interviewed.

Thus, though he published verse and prose which any branch of the Establishment should have regarded as no less heretic and dangerous than, say, Ezra Pound's or Jean Cocteau's, he never quite appeared to be speaking *in propria persona,* or offering himself as a part of the sickness he described. He remained "invisible"; and eventually received the O.M. and the Nobel Prize, with a good part of the civilized world thinking of him as the embodiment of tradition in its most static sense.

Mr. Kenner traces this tactical anonymity from the undergraduate poems to *The Elder Statesman.* His detailed reading is always just, though it is probably on Eliot as a critic that he is most valuable. For here, he has done something which no other commentator has ventured so thoroughly: he has simply read, chronologically and in relation to the poetry, the hundreds of obscure and often unsigned book reviews which Eliot produced from 1915 on. Wordsworth once warned us not to scorn

T. S. ELIOT: ". . . As a poet, he was the wistful Prufrock, the formidably erudite Tiresias, the 'aged eagle,' Old Possum with his cats . . . "

a poet's sonnets. We should be equally alert to his book reviews, for as Mr. Kenner shows, there is no better gloss on Eliot's verse than his hack reviewing.

All of this is lively, sagacious and original, and insofar as Mr. Kenner was praising Eliot's example of adaptability, I agreed. But almost in the same breath, he seems to find the concomitant anonymity a virtue in itself, an achievement in impersonality, a mature transcending of the mere first person. Analyzing "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," for instance, he says: "It was genius that separated the speaker of the monologue from the writer of the poem by . . . affixing an unforgettable title." Was it though, entirely? As a survival strategy in Georgian England—or for that matter, in any present-day American literature seminar—it certainly was. But beyond this, is there any advantage in the self-disavowal involved?

Try discarding the title of "Prufrock," and you have the voice of a shy, self-conscious, perhaps youngish man, more honest than most and meditating with gentle ruthlessness upon some of his inner weaknesses. It is not a satire. It is not "ironic." It is simply a sad, not very wholesome, but very true image of one instance of the word made flesh. Yet, thanks to Eliot's title, and his fearful instinct to be anonymous, three generations of readers have been able to *toy* with it, treating it just as frivolously and vulgarly as its own arty women who "come and go, talking of Michelangelo"—as though it were no more than an experiment in Irony or a problem in exegesis for Lit Majors.

Of course this is true of most of Eliot's poetry, and it is entirely his own fault. A man who—however good his reasons—hesitates to come out in the open, and say, for instance, "I the poet, William Yeats," is asking to be regarded as no more than the manufacturer of Texts for Advanced English Studies. And then, having trained his readers not to take him seriously, when he does choose to appear even someone as astute as Mr. Kenner will be dismayed:

> It should not surprise us . . . that *The Dry Salvages* moves off from the first two *Quartets* in a direction not wholly commendable, dwelling on the poet's merely personal past by the Mississippi. . .

What I ended by asking myself was simply Why? Why won't Mr. Kenner let Eliot sing for us in his own direct, uniquely historical first person if he wishes to? Why must the professional student of poetry always want to rescue it from its human origins, scouring it with carbolic soft-soap, and pretending its maker was *only* an artificer, a maker of masks, a metaphor-monger playing possum with

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his readers? Especially where literature, the least pure and impersonal of all the arts is concerned, this is—at most—a half-truth. "I gotta use words when I talk to you," said Eliot's Sweeney. But the inverse is just as true: "Words gotta use an 'I' when they talk, too." In his heart, no matter how shy, fearful, hounded, or tricky he is, every poet knows this. His readers, and particularly those who have done him the honor of so intensive a reading as Mr. Kenner's, should not deny him the necessity.

Movies

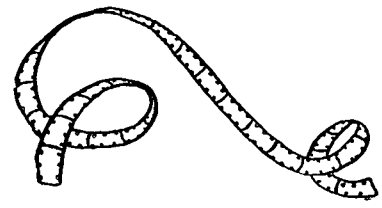
Order in the Court!

FINIS FARR

LAST WEEK I sat through two movies the like of which I never expected to see on a public screen. Both dealt with murder trials and both had long courtroom sequences. One was called *Compulsion,* the other, *Anatomy of a Murder.* But which was the worst picture of the year, I shall have to leave to the editors of the Harvard *Lampoon,* who annually make that melancholy selection. It's a close thing: while there is nothing to choose between them in excruciatingly bad taste and fake profundity, *Anatomy* is at least well photographed, and offers James Stewart, Eve Arden, Ben Gazzara, Duke Ellington and a couple of very pretty young girls, plus Attorney Joseph N. Welch in the role of the judge.

But with all its star power, *Anatomy* will probably carry off the *Lampoon* award for its inordinate length and the endless torrents of talk which pour from the mouths of its principal characters. In fact, *Anatomy* has managed to place before us a true contradiction in terms: a moving picture completely lacking in action. The producers apparently were aware of the static quality of their story. Never have I seen so many occupied in taking off, polishing and putting on their spectacles; snapping cigarette lighters; passing saltcellars; opening beer bottles; peeling hard-boiled eggs; toweling bar glasses; opening and closing doors; getting in and out of automobiles; going up and down stairs; bringing in milk bottles; tying trout flies; and generally trying to cover lack of movement with meaningless physical activity.

How then, I hear someone asking, could a bankroll be found for such a project? A good question, and the answer lies in the fact that this contribution to cinematic art is based on a best-selling novel, written under a pseudonym by a Michigan judge, which was remarkable only for the fact that it described a case of rape, and the proofs of it as they would be established in medical jurisprudence. This gamy topic is handled in



both book and film in words which I would not care to read aloud in mixed company. But the members of the *Anatomy of a Murder* troupe have no such scruples.

RAPE IS ALSO a factor of attempted drama in *Compulsion,* which may surprise those who know that the film is closely based on the Leopold-Loeb murder case of the 1920s. Here we have a character named Judd Steiner (Leopold) balefully compelled by Artie Straus (Loeb) to join in the cold-blooded murder and mutilation of a young boy, the child of neighbors in Chicago. So far, art follows life, as all newspaper readers are aware. The added attraction is that in the movie, Straus orders Steiner to rape a university coed in the field near the culvert where they left their victim's body. Hoping to get an extra thrill, Judd attempts to do just this, but finds himself incapable of carrying out his intention, *as we are shown* in a scene as embarrassing as any that has ever been projected in a theater. Incredible as it seems, this inability to commit an additional crime is seriously presented as a reason for *sympathy* for Judd Steiner.

The two young actors who play the murderers are pretty good throughout the early footage of this film, in which they manage to convey a sense of the viciousness, stupidity and vanity of the unwholesome pair. The Artie Straus characterization is helped by an interesting prop, a teddy-bear borrowed from *Brideshead Revisited* to indicate advanced depravity. And Judd Steiner is believable until the producers shift their ethical position and bid for sympathy on the extraordinary grounds I have mentioned. Perhaps *Compulsion* does not fall completely apart until the appearance of a shambling, blimp-shaped Orson Welles as the folksy old defense attorney, modeled on Clarence Darrow, who loved to defend underdogs, no matter how long and sharp their teeth. In a scene which seems literally endless, we are shown how Darrow delivered his rambling plea for the court's mercy, which boiled down to the proposition that hanging Leopold and Loeb would not bring their victim back to life. I thought Darrow's oration was sickening bilge when he delivered it, and it is scarcely improved in the movie version.

ONE OF the less serious questions raised by these pictures is that of the dilution of dramatic impact by double identification of actors. Looking at the waddling Welles, one continually thought, "That's really Darrow." Looking at the judge in *Anatomy,* one never forgot that here actually was Joseph Welch, the lawyer who achieved undying glory among Liberals when he fearlessly defied the late Senator Joseph McCarthy in the celebrated Army hearings. Many people thought at that time that Mr. Welch was as much actor as he was attorney, and his competent handling of his part in this picture proves them right. I think Mr. Welch will be seen in many another movie. And I have a casting suggestion. Good as he was, he was not quite at home in the judge's role. Next time, let's have him as a lawyer. If any producer wishes to do *The Pickwick Papers,* for example, I am sure Mr. Welch would be thoroughly convincing either as Mr. Dodson or as Mr. Fogg.

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To the Editor

Blood on Notting Hill

I refer to Colm Brogan's article on Notting Hill [July 4]. By comparison with most articles on this arena of racial violence, it was fair. It did explain why so many Britons, normally a mild and tolerant people, are fighting mad about the influx of Negroes into Great Britain. The filth, the noise, the overcrowding, the crime and miscegenation rampant in Notting Hill and other areas are usually passed over lightly or ignored by Liberal reporters.

However, . . . one gets the impression from his report that the only organized opposition to Negro immigrants comes from Teddy Boys and Fascists. Not so. For years, the League of Empire Loyalists has waged a campaign against this influx of non-white immigrants. . . . The League, not Mosley, first advocated diversion of British trade to the West Indies to enable these people to find work at home.

Such a policy is neither immoral nor impractical. Other Commonwealth countries and colonies restrict immigrants, even from Britain. The U.S. and countries like Australia and Canada restrict or bar non-white immigrants. They do so because every nation and community has a right to choose who is to live among them. This is the best way to avoid racial antagonisms. Economically, these immigrants can be replaced by Europeans to provide unskilled labor, the demand for which is diminishing with automation. In any case it is neither moral nor practical to exploit non-whites. We can do our own dirty work. . . .

New York City WILLIAM BRUCE TATE

The Price of Peace

I write to thank you for Frank Meyer's piece in your July 4 issue, "What Is There to Negotiate?"

It will no doubt seem to a great many people to be the expression of desperation and irresponsibility; rational men negotiate, and when they can't, they surrender. If you do not believe this, ask that super-guru of our day, Bertrand Russell. With Meyer I agree that his attitude contradicts the principle of peace at any price, that seems to rule the policy of our government. But Meyer's article has its value in that it exposes the stupidity and the perniciousness of that principle. The question we must ask ourselves is not, How can we survive? Men survive in the arid wastes of Central Australia, after a fashion; and after another, in Hungary and Poland; and if not killed outright, even in the concentration camps of Siberia. What we must ask ourselves is, On what principles must we make our stand? Sincerely asked, this question makes self-evident that with a paranoid State bent on world domination there can be no negotiation. We can give and give; it will never give, never. Nor should we forget that time is with it and against us.

But a government ruled by the principle of peace at any price cannot expect anything but what we are getting: surrender and defeat put forth as success. We seem to be in a situation similar to that to which the man with the umbrella brought the British people—peace in our time.

Wilmette, Ill. ELISEO VIVAS

The Socrates Parody

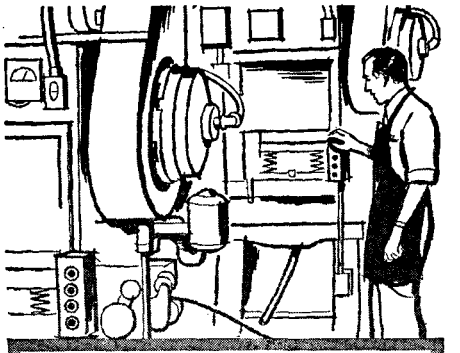
Re "Our Own Encyclopaedia" [July 18]: jolly good. You have demonstrated that if one shows the same respect for the facts that Richard Rovere showed in assessing the career of Senator McCarthy, one can come up with a definition of Socrates as the Greek philosopher who drank himself to death.

One wonders: What on earth goes on in the Liberals' minds? What can they derive from the self-delusion that is a prerequisite to reading the McCarthy book with satisfaction?

New York City THOMAS STREETER

Acknowledged by Whom?

. . . To state that the Premier of Israel is the acknowledged leader of world Jewry is perfectly ridiculous [July 18]. Acknowledged by whom? Certainly not by me, my family and a



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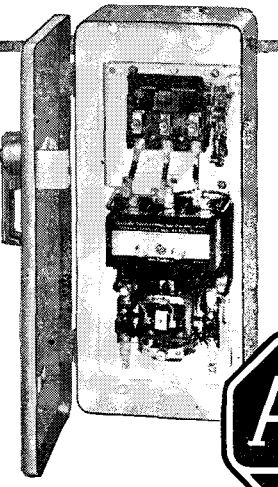

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The creation of the State of Israel has brought many dilemmas and problems to Jews. Today, Judaism is a religion and nothing more. Whether Orthodox, Conservative or Reform, which differ widely in formalisms and ritual, the Jew holds certain truths in common, but much is left open to individual interpretation. So, when Mr. Ben-Gurion, a Zionist organization or a Jewish group speaks, they do not speak for all Jews. I would like to make that point perfectly clear. Many, many Jews such as myself did not favor the creation of the State of Israel, and many Jews are not in agreement with some or all of the aims and purposes of Jewish organizations and the manner in which they hope to bring to fruition their pet projects. . . .

DR. MORTON KAPLAN
Long Island City, N.Y.

I resent the statement that Premier David Ben-Gurion is "the acknowledged leader of world Jewry. . . ." Neither I, nor any other Jew I know, thinks of Ben-Gurion as anything but a political leader of a friendly foreign country. Ben-Gurion is not the Jewish equivalent of the Pope, and Tel Aviv is not the Vatican. By and large, Jews think for themselves, and take a dim view of anyone who attempts to speak for all of them. Your statement can only aid and comfort those who look for an anti-Semite under every conservative's bed.

I might add that I did not consult with Ben-Gurion before deciding to read NATIONAL REVIEW regularly.

Elmhurst, N.Y. LIONEL LOKOS

Communist International

On rare occasions a commentator or reviewer of a book will by some stroke of genius penetrate to the basic idea of a writer of a given book. It is exactly that which whoever wrote the comment on "The Revival of the Communist International" [editorial, June 6] has done. Permit me to express my deepest appreciation and admiration for the job accomplished. . . .

BENJAMIN MANDEL
Director of Research
Senate Internal Security Subcommittee
Washington, D.C.

The State University

Dr. Kirk's review [June 16] of *Our Waist-High Culture,* criticizing in an indiscriminate way the quality of education offered at the state universities, troubled me so much I sent it on to President Albert N. Jorgensen of the University of Connecticut at Storrs, Connecticut, so that he might consider answering the allegations of the book and the insinuations of the reviewer.

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to establish a branch campus in North Stamford. Since 1952 it has been operating a branch in the Stamford high school during evening hours. Approximately 400 students are now enrolled, pursuing regular collegiate work on the freshman and sophomore level in the College of Liberal Arts, Business Administration and Engineering. This work is accredited and accepted for continued study for degrees at the main campus at Storrs, and at other universities. . . .

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Stamford, Conn. MORGAN P. AMES

"A Frigid Day in Hell"

I received your news item in the July 4 issue, concerning Roy Cohn's suit against Harcourt Brace and Richard Rovere, with great satisfaction. Having read as much of *Esquire* magazine's article as my stomach could stand, I think it's about time. (It'll be a frigid day in Hell before I buy another *Esquire.* Regardless of personalities, any publication that presents such a sleazy job of . . . writing is dead.)

I've wondered for years why the Liberals have been allowed to get away with the running libel of Senator McCarthy. . . .

Wichita, Kansas L. S. ABBOTT

Public School Teachers

I agree with Russell Kirk in the "From the Academy" article, "Are Teachers Underpaid?" [July 18] that respect "must be grasped, compelled, unwillingly extorted from a reluctant and naturally envious public," and that, as a corollary, in our society respect follows upon financial success. I think, however, that, Mr. Kirk's reasoning to the contrary, respect for teachers has not been forthcoming because they are, in reality, in little better position than they were in 1929. The omission by Mr. Kirk of the fact that prior to 1939 teachers did not have to pay federal income tax, shows that he has not investigated the situation . . . thoroughly . . .

Regarding those magnificent salaries in Long Island, Mr. Kirk obviously is not aware of the favorite trick of the school boards in communities which loudly advertise the salary of eight or nine thousand dollars. Very few teachers reach that magnificent state. The practice is to allow a teacher to teach for three years or so, and just as the time for conferring tenure arrives, to sack him so as to avoid paying a higher salary.

While I am writing this, I may as well remark upon Mr. Kirk's implied categorization of all public school teachers as poor teachers because they went through all those boring education courses. I think that it is infinitely more strong-minded and intelligent to endure the courses and to persist in staying in the public schools with the hope, perhaps vain, of accomplishing something to improve the public schools, rather than to flee to Athena and be exploited by a private school.

Bronx, N.Y. T. M. DONOHOE JR.

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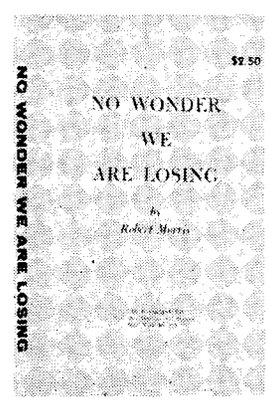

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Bob Morris believes that the nation is not awake to the lateness of the hour—nor to the proximity of the peril.

From 1951-1954 Morris served as Special Counsel and Chief Counsel of the Internal Security Subcommittee of the U.S. Senate. Washington recalled him from his Judgeship to advise the Rules Committee on Fair Procedures, U.S. Senate in 1954, and in 1956 the Internal Security Subcommittee drafted him again as its Chief Counsel.

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